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**AMERICA'S MALADY
IS NOT VIOLENCE,
BUT SAVAGERY**

**JOHN
LUKACS**

**'HUMAN LIFE' AND
HUMAN LOVE**

**JAMES T.
BURTCHAELL**

**A BISHOP SPEAKS:
WE ARE FRIENDS &
BROTHERS**

**BISHOP CHARLES A.
BUSWELL**

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NEWS AND VIEWS

It happens with athletes all the time. They have their glorious years, then linger beyond their time and the grand record is tarnished by the lackluster finish: Y. A. Tittle, Bobby Lane, maybe Johnny Unitas.

Much the same thing is happening these days with bishops, and, when it does, it is sadder still. Sports is a frivolous business; what matter the finish? Bishop? Well, that's something else.

Thus it sad to read of Archbishop Robert E. Lucey of San Antonio. Once the hero of bishop-watchers, he is now the object of their scorn. Worse still, 51 priests of the San Antonio archdiocese have petitioned the Pope to remove him from office. The grounds: lack of communication with his priests, reactionary decisions, age. Archbishop Lucey is 77.

The validity of the charges is not easily judged, but presumption seems to favor the 51 priests when one considers Archbishop Lucey's performance on two issues distinct from the protest of the priests, but symptomatic, obviously, of much of what must bother them. One was the laying of a heresy charge on Father John L. McKenzie, S.J., for his book on authority; another is the Archbishop's rabid support of the Johnson war in Vietnam.

It is not a surprise that a Catholic prelate should take the positions Archbishop Lucey did on those issues; the wonder is that the prelate should be Lucey. For when one thinks of Archbishop Lucey, one thinks of a man on the right side of every knotty issue—as invariably he was, beginning back in the 1920s, when he was battling out West against the “yellow dog contract,” which exacted of prospective workers the pledge not to join a labor union. In the 1940s he was fighting big business in Texas on behalf of blacks and Mexican-Americans, and bringing on himself the label Communist. He was a pioneer supporter of the UN, and was desegregating schools of his archdiocese when San Antonio was still solidly segrega-

tionist. Then there were the migrant workers, housing and health care issues, and Project Equality. On all, full points; Archbishop Lucey was long the best of good bishops.

History, they say, will put things in order and Archbishop Lucey will emerge, on balance, as hero, not villain. O.K., except history is for future generations. There is still the present, and those sitting in on the finale share a sadness like that of the character in *The Man in the Glass Booth*, whose memory of Y. A. Tittle's long and glorious career is the anguish of his last game, when the retiring hero was benched for Gary Wood. Sad.

A scandal in New York's welfare and poverty program funds recently decorated the front pages here. Up to a million may have been involved, and you can imagine how anti-welfare politicians choked on that sum. Robbery is despicable enough in all cases, even more so when the poor may have had to take some of the losses. But funny how no one is excited over a U.S. suit to get \$5 million in treble damages from five drug companies who are being accused of conspiring to monopolize the sale of certain antibiotics. Nor in the report from the General Accounting Office that in six months the Air Force has junked \$6.7 million worth of damaged equipment, most of which could have been economically repaired. These items were buried so deeply in the *New York Times* the reader was suffering from *Times* eye fatigue before he reached them. No public figure is making noises. After all, you have to keep a sense of proportion.

Rather surprising the reaction of diocesan newspapers to the condemnation of the *National Catholic Reporter* by Bishop Helmsing.

Oh, most profess regret over the action taken by Bishop Helmsing. At the

same time, an impressive number of editors signed the protest letter circulated by Father John Reedy of *Ave Maria*.

But if the editorials are to be translated, behind the majority of diocesan editors' reactions lies a smugness, as though the condemnation of the *NCR* in some way constitutes a vindication of their wiser, “prudent” policies.

“One wonders,” said the *Boston Pilot*, “if many of the present pitfalls could be avoided, and much confusion dissipated, if the ‘new thought’ were given its first expression in those places where it could be judged and commented upon by those whose skills are equal to the task.” That's a paternalism one wouldn't expect of the *Pilot*.

“The *NCR* is a good publication,” said the *Catholic Free Press* of Worcester. “But can it call itself a newspaper, or is it, rather, a journal of opinion? This, it seems to us, is the basic question. . .”

But it isn't, really. The question is irrelevant. *NCR* is no more a journal of opinion than the *New York Times* is (or the *Free Press*, for that matter); it only happens to be to religious journalism what the *Times* is to daily journalism: the best newspaper around.

Happily, the public, less concerned with in-group dialectics, is appreciating that fact a bit more widely. *NCR* publisher Donald Thorman reported two weeks after the Helmsing condemnation that the paper had received 942 cancellations, but 3,227 new subscriptions.

British moral theologian Father Peter Flood tells it like it is and thus reminds that, though much has changed, some old clerical impulses linger.

Queried after the birth of the Birmingham sextuplets why it was morally wrong for Catholics to take contraception pills but not morally wrong to take fertility pills, Father Flood pontificated:

“The question argues a certain lack of thought and of training in moral theology. Such ignorance would be inexcusable in a priest; in a layman it is not uncommon and less reprehensible.”

JOHN DEEDY

CORRESPONDENCE

The Infallibility Problem

St. Louis
To the Editors: Bishop Simons has ably presented the case for an understanding of Church authority in line with scripture and today's democratic ideals [Oct. 18]. I am sure his theory will be of great importance to the scholar-theologian. However, I feel it leaves us with the same practical problems we faced in the first place, for the important consideration today is not whether or not the pope is infallible, but that *he* believes he is. And the pope is the standard-bearer of Catholicism. One cannot be more Catholic than the pope, the aphorism runs; I dare say one cannot be Catholic without the pope either. We know today's liberal Catholic theologians well realize that if they cannot rationalize at least a token allegiance to the pope, they may as well organize (democratically, of course) and make their own pope. I am afraid that the Church over the centuries has backed herself into an infallibly tight corner on the issue of the pope's authority, and there is simply no stopping a man such as Pope VI who insists on using his prerogatives. It does no good to downplay the pope's role if he himself remains unconvinced.

I don't know. A more constructive approach may just be to picket and humbly petition Paul barefoot on the snowy steps of Saint Peter's. Maybe that would work. We must always hope for understanding and tolerance if not for that most unhuman of traits, total agreement. But to slyly deny the problem even exists, as I suspect Bishop Simons of doing, will get us nowhere except perhaps infallibly anathematized.

(FRIAR) FRANK HEGEDUS, OFM CONV.

Catonsville Nine, et al.

St. Bernard, Ala.
To the Editors: Was especially encouraged by your endorsement of the Baltimore Four, Catonsville Nine, and most
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AND NOW SAIGON

Saigon's opposition to the expansion of talks in Paris on Vietnam underscores anew the disaster of the United States' adventure in that Far East nation; the inability to achieve objectives by military means now has its diplomatic parallel, so that not even the most inveterate of Washington optimists are seeing much light these days at the end of the tunnel. Not that anyone thought that diplomatic negotiations would be particularly easy; but the presumption seemed reasonable that Saigon would be less a problem at the conference table than Hanoi or the NLF. Certainly it seemed unnecessary to worry that talks might be torpedoed by one's ally in arms. But indeed they could be; the Thieu-Ky intransigency on the expanded talks places progress toward peace in jeopardy, and, just as serious, propagandizes in new directions the tactical and moral isolation of the U.S. in the Vietnam fiasco.

The establishment of the moral isolation of the U.S. in the eyes of the world has been a particular strategy with Hanoi, and Hanoi scored success toward that end through the initial exclusion of Saigon from the Paris talks. For months the U.S. was forced to deal in Paris exclusively with Hanoi, sufficiently long for the psychology to take effect in areas sensitive to the consideration that the war pitted not Vietnamese against Vietnamese, but Vietnamese against white western foreigners. As if the point had not been dramatized strongly enough by Hanoi, Saigon announces its boycott of the talks, and Vice President Ky adds charges about the U.S. "unmasking itself as a true and dirty colonialist power." Hanoi's subtlety is thus complemented by Saigon's invective.

In the awkwardness of the Saigon development, the U.S. ponders, at this writing, whether or not to move into talks with Hanoi and the NLF, while the chairs of the South Vietnamese negotiators are empty. It should have no hesitancy, even though the chances of such talks being a success are minimal,

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and even though one result of the decision will be to strengthen the propaganda platform of Hanoi and another will be to exacerbate differences between Washington and Saigon. But perhaps exacerbation is what Washington-Saigon relations need—exacerbation to the extent where the U.S. will come to its senses on the futility of its Vietnam involvement, not only with respect to the “enemy,” but also its “ally,” and accordingly do at last what it should have done long ago—clearly decide that it must withdraw from Vietnam and leave the conflict to the Vietnamese. And not just partial withdrawal, McGeorge Bundy-fashion, which, as Hans Morgenthau has written in *The New Republic*, would not liquidate the war but only draw it out indefinitely on a lower level of military effort. Bundy’s espousal of a narrow interpretation of U.S. goals would fit old policies to the realities of political and military stalemate. But this is a bit slick. Mr. Morgenthau is right when he says it is to miss all the lessons of the Vietnam experience and to seek to duck the judgment of history.

The U.S. deserves that judgment, even with regard to such alleged concessions toward peace as the suspension of the bombing of North Vietnam. That suspension is a tainted gesture. The bombing was a failure to begin with; secondly, the bombers used over North Vietnam have only been shifted to new runs. The war goes on, with more planes free for sorties over the South and over the supply routes of Laos. In both areas, bombing operations have been intensified greatly. As one high-ranking officer put it, “It’s the same old war under new rules.”

Still in all, the suspension of the bombing of the North is some help. Positively, it moves the Paris talks, if not into, at least toward a new phase; negatively, it places the U.S. in a position where, given Saigon’s resistance to the bombing halt, the bombing cannot resume without appearing to the world that the tail is wagging the dog. But isn’t that the case anyway?

FEWER PRIESTS

Is the glass half-empty, as the pessimist says, or half-full, as the optimist would have it? As far as the Church is concerned, are we witnessing a crisis of decline and decay, or a crisis of growth and opportunity? On the vocation situation in particular, the rector of the Pope John XXIII Seminary for Delayed Vocations opts for optimism, saying that the crisis may in fact be attributable to God’s speaking through his people. The Church administrator today, Msgr. George A. Schlichte said, must “read the signs of the times in order to learn his instructions.” It is true that we are confronted with a growing shortage of priests, both because of a departure of ordained men and a decrease in new vocations, but there is no reason to assume that this means the people of God are losing their sense of dedication. Instead, these factors must be

seen, as Msgr. Schlichte put it, as “God-revealing”—signs that we must change our ways.

How can this be done, practically? It may well be, for example, that we need fewer priests. This would force the priest to concentrate on his primary duty of preaching the Gospel and forming the people into a Christian community of service. And it might force laymen to undertake responsibilities on which priests now have to spend a good part of their time. In such circumstances a married priesthood would be eminently possible; with only one priest in a parish, the cost of a married clergy would probably come to less than the present method. Furthermore, and very importantly, such a change in the system could substantially improve the status of priests, putting an end to the situation in which many priests function as assistants year after year without ever becoming pastors. “An assistant pastor really means a deacon who says Mass,” said Msgr. Schlichte. “The priest should be neither the assistant to the pastor, nor the servant of the bishop. The priest is the collaborator with the bishop, and in every instance should be a pastor.”

By eliminating obligatory celibacy and making every priest a pastor, the Church could attract to its active ministry men of high caliber, including perhaps men who might give five or ten years of their lives after achieving success in business or profession. But one thing is clear: the status of the priest as it now stands is not good enough. Recent events in Cardinal O’Boyle’s Washington and elsewhere have presented “the terrible image of the priest as a person deprived of the right to think except as directed.” The first thing that must be done, then, is to change this picture. As Msgr. Schlichte pointed out, the American bishops in a statement last January said that the Church was not only the encourager of freedom but freedom’s house. “This rhetoric,” he said, “has to become reality.”

All in all, we find it hard to quarrel with Msgr. Schlichte’s reasoning, and we suspect that many an American priest would agree enthusiastically.

HOLY SPIRIT ISSUE

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DECOUPLING THE FEAR FACTOR

There is a neglected issue at the heart of American policy towards Russia. Can arms control be separated—"decoupled," in the jargon—from the political components of the Soviet-American rivalry?

The answer is important because the apparent consensus of the American government today implies that it is possible to conduct a dual policy towards Russia. We can be political rivals in Europe and the Middle East; we can struggle over Germany and for influence in the Third World; in Southeast Asia the United States can be at war with an ally of Russia's supplied by the Soviet Union: yet at a separate level *détente* is assumed to exist. We thus can cooperate with Russia to limit the size and deployment of one another's nuclear armaments, and we can cooperate to stop or slow the spread of nuclear weapons to other countries.

Both Richard Nixon and Hubert Humphrey endorsed the substance of this belief in their campaigns. While Nixon argued after Czechoslovakia that Senate ratification of the nuclear non-proliferation treaty should be delayed, he added that he nonetheless supports the treaty. Humphrey, of course, not only called for prompt ratification but for new talks with Russia on reducing missile stockpiles, and he would institutionalize annual summit meetings. Nixon wanted meetings, but only after strengthening NATO and American forces in Europe.

Neither questioned *détente*; I suppose that neither could imagine doing so. Yet this faith in the possibility of superimposing cooperation upon conflict reveals much about the American ambivalence towards Russia. A conventional rhetoric of anti-Communist mobilization co-exists with a confidence in reconciliation with Russia. More is here than a simple fear of nuclear war. There is also a complex sense of shared power and primacy which—cooperatively used—could settle for once and for all the disorderly affairs of the world. There is, by contrast with the 1950s, some sense of the Soviet-American competition as really an obsolescent ritual, an inheritance of misunderstanding and ill-will which can—or inevitably will—be removed. This is true not only among the revisionist New Left interpreters of the Cold War but prevails in various versions all across the American political spectrum—with the Right inclined towards a vision of Russia and America allied against the "real" danger, Chinese Communism. The American reaction to Czechoslovakia was made up more of impatience and irritation than anger. It was not that the Soviets had committed a crime. It was that they had created a stupid obstacle to cooperation. They were making the inevitable unnecessarily difficult.

We are not quite serious about the Soviets any more, not at all as serious as we are about the Communism of

Southeast Asia or the Jacobinism of Latin American revolutionaries. Castro enrages Americans; Kosygin is given lunch and cheers at Glassboro.

Soviet-American arms limitation can be justified by arguments of fear and danger. The weapons threaten a cataclysm beyond all reasonable risk. The effort to check nuclear proliferation has the same motives with an additional twist: that the spread of these weapons reduces the relative power advantage of the existing nuclear states, and particularly of the only two states which can conceive of exploiting nuclear military power for positive advantage rather than in simple deterrence. Czechoslovak possession of nuclear weapons, Hungarian nuclear armament back in 1956, Yugoslav or Rumanian nuclear weapons, a nuclear Germany, a nuclear North Vietnam or Egypt or Israel or Cuba, would drastically alter the conditions in which both we and the Soviet Union pursue our aims. The primary change would not be that we or Russia then would find ourselves in any new danger of attack or of demands made upon us; it would be that our freedom of action would encounter severe new limits. And the second threat, of course, would be that we might be drawn into nuclear crises not of our own making or where—as in Vietnam—the dynamics of a crisis altered our own involvement in uncalculated ways. Here, of course, we are back to the factor of fear, justified fear.

It is, then, inevitable that we and Russia will continue to attempt to retard the spread of nuclear weapons. It may also be inevitable that we fail, since our ability to control the situation is limited and our efforts can even strengthen the fears and sense of vulnerability of the very states which have the resources to make these weapons for themselves. The breakdown of bipolar balance in the international system, as it existed in the old Cold War 1950s, and the breakdown of world confidence both in American sense and stability and in Soviet evolution and restraint—which Vietnam and Czechoslovakia together have done so much to accomplish—must profoundly affect international distrust of the existing nuclear configuration of power. We and Russia have a common interest in limiting and containing this process, but we are unlikely to succeed without there being restored an international balance tolerable to the other major states.

What is not so clear is that we and Russia can set serious and effective limits on our own nuclear rivalry, that we can actually "decouple" arms from politics. Here one fears war with another kind of fear. The fear of nuclear war demands a nuclear parity or control of arms which could make it unreasonable and unprofitable for either side to resort to these weapons. The instinct of national survival, of national primacy, demands on each side that

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the competition go on. So long as political rivalry exists and the ultimate recourse of politics is war, each side will be driven towards a military advantage which promises the possibility, *in extremis*, of imposing one's will on the other side.

In default of any imminent end to political rivalry, the argument is made that a "world interest" in nuclear security exists which is superior to any national interest. In principle the United States holds to this position. Without denying our hostility to Communism or our conflict with the Soviet Union we would have nuclear weapons set outside the area of competition. Whether we would really be faithful to this in practice, in a prolonged crisis, is another question; yet I suspect that most Americans would be prepared today to accept the risks of such an undertaking. Would Russia?

Fear is a factor in Russia too. As Khrushchev once responded to China's purported "paper tiger" theories, tigers today have apocalyptic bites. Yet Marxism-Leninism is a political doctrine which admits no superior or supervening "world interest"; its claims on history are total and millennial; it cannot logically accept an interruption of the world-historical dialectic of conflict. At a less exalted level of analysis, Russia is a society with serious political instabilities and an insecure and erratic ruling establishment. It is both a great power and a politically frustrated one; it is morally beleaguered and defiant; it is a society officially committed to fathering a world revolution which gives little evidence of occurring. Its own intellectual and political ability to "decouple" the ultimate instruments of national power from the political struggle must be regarded as exceedingly doubtful. If it has fears and needs in common with the United States, these are, in serious respects, contradicted by other profound needs and commitments. The Soviet Union is a deeply unreliable political society with a morality of expediency in the service of its own conception of historical inevitability.

Americans can conceive of separating the ultimate means of war from our political conflict with Russia because we are no longer very deeply interested in the Russian threat. For substantial reasons, and to a degree for willful reasons, we have turned our emotions away from Russia towards Third World revolution. I say there are willful, even fantastical, elements in this because the Third World is largely powerless and offers no direct threat to us. There we seem free (or so it seemed). In dealing with the Soviet Union we encounter huge and complex constraints, as well as the ambiguities of common interests and dangers.

But we risk, I think, making policy of a certain retreat from reality; and in working for arms control we risk an apoliticism which has no warrant in Soviet reality. Arms limitations are possible. But serious arms control, like *détente* itself, can only ratify political settlement.

WILLIAM PFAFF

ONE of the great surprises of the post-Vatican II period is the radical polarization of thought which is developing in the Church in our country. The Vatican Council held out high hopes for unity—unity among all who bear the name of Christian, unity among all men of good will, unity among ourselves as Catholic people.

At the moment some of us seem to be poles apart from others. There is a growing chasm between some bishops and their priests, between priests and members of the laity and among the laity themselves. This is especially true as an aftermath of the publication of the recent and much discussed encyclical of our Holy Father, Pope Paul VI.

This is a critical time for bishops and priests. It is a time when mutual support is imperative. Priests and bishops need, now more than ever, to be aware of the fact that they share a common priesthood, that they serve in a common ministry, that they are brothers and friends.

I would like to speak out in favor of our priests throughout the country, including those, who, at the expense of being called disloyal, are trying to obey their consciences and the dictates of their priestly ministry as they make known sincerely their inability to accept some of the obligations which the recent encyclical of our Holy Father imposes. For all priests the encyclical brings its share of problems. For those who have studied the encyclical, have formed their consciences in its light and still cannot accept its total message for the guidance of their people this post-encyclical period is truly agonizing.

It is my opinion that priests in this latter category are equally well-trained and dedicated as those in the former one. They, too, for the most part, are truly loyal to the Holy Father, to the Church and to Church authority. They are in close contact with the realities of life as experienced by many Christians in their day to day living. They are trying honestly to confront the difficulties concerning the nature of the obligation the encyclical imposes and the subjective appreciation of this obligation at the level of conscience. They are, in my judgment, trying to be of service to the Holy Father and to the Church.

Pope Paul has written *Humanae Vitae* out of concern for humanity and in a spirit of service to mankind. He has done so at a considerable cost to himself; he has gone through great personal agony. I think that all priests are aware of this. Priests who have questioned certain of the obligations of the encyclical at the level of conscience accept its teach-

A Bishop speaks for priests

Dissent Is Not Disloyalty



CHARLES A. BUSWELL
BISHOP OF PUEBLO

ing as coming from the supreme Church authority, as coming from their father in Christ whom they love and respect, as given by one who has a unique charism for his office. Their conscience struggle carries no evidence of lack of loyalty.

We are aware that many experts, acting well within the field of their competence, and with rigid application of the principles of their training, have found great obstacles in the understanding of the material content and methodology which support certain obligations of the encyclical. Among others, there are John Noonan, an expert in the field of natural law, Bernard Häring in moral theology and Karl Rahner, the eminent German theologian. The latter states that there is a clear expression of binding law in the encyclical; yet he adds that it is possible for a person to come to a position which dissents from the norm proposed by the Holy Father. Rahner goes on to say that if this is done after full reflection and self-criticism and after taking into full account the teaching of the encyclical, a person need not fear subjective guilt nor should he consider himself as formally disobedient to Church authority. The German bishops and other northern European national hierarchies have accepted this position. So also have the Canadian bishops in our own hemisphere.

The priests in our country find themselves in a very difficult position. Many of their parishioners accept fully the obligation of the encyclical. Others with well-formed consciences have come into a difficult conflict situation. Both types of consciences demand utmost concern and both types deserve utmost respect.

Hence, priests who guide those who accept fully the obligations of the encyclical should honor without reservation the conscience-judgment which has been made. On the other hand, "confessors and counselors should show sympathetic understanding and reverence for the sincere good faith of those who fail to accept some point of the encyclical," as the Canadian bishops pointed out in their recent pastoral statement on the subject.

At this time of critical pastoral concern for the welfare of our people, bishops and priests should be ever more aware of their unity with each other and of their need for one another.

A priest is the extension of the person of the bishop in a diocese. He is a "necessary counselor and helper" (*Decree on the Ministry of Priests*, No. 7). He is to be regarded by his bishop as a "brother and friend" (*ibid.*). He, in his turn, should have a deep sensitivity toward his bishop and be well aware of the difficulties involved in keeping proper balance between respect for authority and individual freedom. He should be open in communicating his concerns to his bishop; the bishop must be understanding of the concerns of his priests. This is especially true when the concerns are those of the faithful reflected by priests. The Holy Spirit manifests Himself in the teaching authority of the Church. The Spirit also dwells in His people. It seems to me that these two presences are mutually complementary; both must be taken into account under penalty of not understanding His authentic message.

It is our priests who are best qualified to supply this need in the Church. As they witness to the realities which they experience in the total context of Christian living, they give evidence of the working of the Spirit in the lives of people. This witness to the Spirit and to the conscientious efforts Catholic lay people are making to comply with the demands of the encyclical and the real difficulties they encounter in their attempts to fulfill its obligations is an invaluable service to the entire Church.

Perhaps it is just at this moment that the Holy Spirit is making use of many of our priests to bring to the Church His message as they learn it from the innermost conscience of a Christian people.

AMERICA'S MALADY IS NOT VIOLENCE BUT SAVAGERY



The impotent are often the most savage of all

JOHN LUKACS

"The worst, the most corrupting lies," Georges Bernanos wrote at the end of the second World War, "are problems poorly stated." Perhaps this is a particularly American phenomenon. Internationalism vs. isolationism; broadmindedness vs. narrowmindedness; education vs. ignorance; abundance vs. poverty; freedom vs. slavery; progress vs. stagnation: who would, who would dare to, espouse the latter in America? But are the latter really the problems? Do not the American problems involve, rather, the quality of the former: what kind of internationalism? what kind of education? what kind of abundance? what kind of freedom?

WAR on Poverty! CRUSADE against ignorance! Characteristically American slogans; typically American acts. Their propagation obscures, often, the decaying reality of the alternatives: internationalism tending to become the recipe for global intervention; broadmindedness becoming flatmindedness; education becoming a ritual system; abundance becoming the proliferation of junk; freedom turning into abject loneliness; progress becoming a nightmare. The alternatives become slogans; they *are* slogans; they become institutionalized; they are corrupted; and beneath their verbal formulations lie disillusionment and despair.

Problems poorly stated. So it is with *violence* which is, I believe, one of the poorest statements of perhaps the profoundest problem that affects the character of the American people. Indeed, the statement is so poor that even the verbal formulation of the alternative, *non-violence*, limps: a weak word, a kind of non-word. Perhaps it is a weasel-word: why did the people who brought it into

wide currency about twenty years ago in this country not call a spade a spade, why didn't they call the alternative to violence *pacifism*: for that is what it is. (One shouldn't attribute motives: but isn't it possible that around 1950, in the then hot climate of American anti-Communism, of democratic superpatriotism, *pacifism* sounded too subversive a word?)

I have a great admiration for pacifists: because there are so few of them. (Perhaps I should say: peaceful people, men and women *full of peace*, rather than *pacifists*: for to possess an abundance of peacefulness within oneself is one thing, and to belong to a mass movement, to an Ism, is quite another.) To turn the other cheek *is* the most difficult of all human responses; it is even more difficult than the exhortation to love one's enemies, since the latter does not always require an act of will. For, to paraphrase Sydney Smith, no man should claim to be a pacifist unless he is prepared to go the whole Lamb. Few are capable of going the whole Lamb, including of course this writer. War, conflict, violence; struggle, aggression, revenge: they are part and parcel of human nature. But it is not enough to say this: contrary to the now so fashionable neo-evolutionistic theories, war, violence, aggression, revenge are not merely animalistic residues within evolving human nature but the eternal and immutable stains of what was once called original sin.

No doubt these are unfashionable assertions. Let me, instead, argue from the record of history. What civilization can do, what civilization did during the centuries of its relatively best achievements, was to keep war, conflict, violence within limits. One need not be a reactionary to contemplate with respect certain conditions in the history of conflict within Western civilization before 1914, when even wars were fought within tacitly accepted

JOHN LUKACS, known for his history of the Cold War, is most recently the author of *Historical Consciousness* (Harper & Row).

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ground rules, meaning, for example, the definite separation of soldiers from civilians, of combatants from non-combatants, of conditions of peace from conditions of war, the latter practiced by professional armies rather than by entire peoples; and when small municipal forces of a police or of a watch were sufficient to insure tranquillity and surety in the great cities of the Western world.

All of this has now changed, in no small measure as a result of Wars to End Wars, of Crusades for World Peace, in which the once limited purposes of wars were transformed and institutionalized. Fifty years ago Americans were told that the then War would End All Wars, and a League of Nations would come about to insure the coming reign of peace forever; after a second World War and the Atom Bomb they were told and taught that from then on the alternatives were Total War or Total Peace. Nothing like this happened at all, and the premonitions of certain men such as Churchill and de Gaulle, civilized imperialists or old-fashioned patriots, have proven truer than the ideas propagandized by certain savage pacifists.

For there is a world of difference between attempts to limit, and attempts to eradicate violence: the first is the inescapable consequence of civilization, the second may lead straight to savagery. The word *violence*, in any event, means something that is better than *savagery*. At worst, violence suggests a sharp and brutal assertion of life, whereas even at its best savagery is permeated by despair. (The French language allows *une violence d'esprit*, which is a kind of mental leap; *sauvagerie d'esprit*, on the other hand, would mean sheer barbarism.) Blocked by a stuck door in a fire, or by a bent piece of metal in an accident, we use violent force to save life, a kind of action enforced not only by our emotions but dictated by our intelligence, very different from savage fury which is principally, and impurely, emotional.

Or consider the basic fact of our existence, greatly obscured as this is nowadays. Man is borne by a woman no longer a virgin, meaning that a natural seal within her flesh (do other living beings possess hymens? I do not know: but somehow I doubt it) must have been pierced by an act of certain violence. Violence may be life-giving, whereas savagery smells of death. The desire to inflict pain is the result of savagery not of violence; the often worse wish to inflict humiliation, too: whereas "violent humiliation"—a limping phrase, at that—suggests the debasement of the perpetrator as well as of the victim (and all-too-human experience), "savage humiliation" involves the reduction of another person to something non-human.

Lest my readers think that I am making a Fascist or conservative argument for violence through euphemisms about Law and Order I must make myself clear: I abhor not only the beating of a person by a policeman but even more his humiliation; I see in the outfits of American state troopers at times the paraphernalia of something

savage rather than the uniforms of monopolists of legal violence; when I dislike policemen it is not because of the controlled violence they practice but because of the controlled contempt that seeps through the edges of their sealed faces, and studied expressions. "Move on, buddy!"—in these three words there may gleam something worse than violence, that is, the wish to humiliate, something savage rather than violent.

This country is threatened by savagery not violence: and this is not a play on words. The peoples of this world are governed by their characters rather than by their institutions; and there is a streak of savagery, rather than violence, in the American character. Lately this trait has reappeared on the surface too. I write *lately* because during the last few years a monumental shift has occurred in the United States, from the former conventions of national optimism in the public rhetoric and professed beliefs of Americans to the now widespread fashion of pessimism and cynicism. Note that I am not saying that violence is not part and parcel of American history, too: but violence is, curiously enough, often the result of a kind of superficial optimism not pessimism: violence is, after all, the consequence of impatience: it has a purpose,



even if a bad one, whereas behind savagery there lurk purposelessness and fatalism.

Poe was the first, and probably the greatest American seer who recognized this subsoil of savage despair underneath the prosperous and rigid democracy of the Northern tropical republic. With all of their democratic, and occasionally anti-democratic, rhetoric notwithstanding, the Palefaces and the Redskins who followed Poe through the marches of American art and letters failed to recognize this at all: Whitman's and Vachel Lindsay's preachings stopped short of it; Henry James failed to confront it; Ezra Pound made a stab at it, here and there, because he was *for* it, *Rock-Drill* being a prosodic forerunner of rock and roll and of the opiate fogs from the Far East. The controlled violence exalted by such disparate Americans as Theodore Roosevelt and Ernest Hemingway was juvenile and, therefore, insubstantial. Roosevelt did stand for a kind of nearly mature Athletic Christianity (much preferable, at the time, to Wilson's YMCA world-philosophy), while Hemingway's very definition of courage—"Grace under pressure"—reflects

nothing but mechanical fatalism decked out in a fake outfit of Hispanic baroque.

It took a feverish, and nearly burned-out Englishman, D. H. Lawrence, to realize, in the depths of his profound disillusionment with savagery (that he had originally exalted) that there was a savage subsoil of American feeling, a deep-seated enmity to European civilization, discernible even within the vacuous civilizational rhetoric of Franklin. Expressed (or, rather, spat out) in fragments, in his *Studies in Classic American Literature* (a curiously academic title), Lawrence recognized nearly fifty years ago that beneath the growth of a universal mechanical civilization, beneath urbanized Babbitism, beneath the hot American asphalt and under the frozen concrete, the Indian substance was darkly alive and working; that, as so often in history, the subjugated land was about to conquer its conquerors . . .

White Savagery

At this point it should appear that my preoccupation with savagery (and my distinction of savagery from violence) does not represent a carefully clothed philosophic attempt at striking at the many savage things—for they are savage things—in which American black people are, on occasion, indulging themselves nowadays. Whites in America are responsible for these things: but not so much because they treated the blacks savagely (though often they did) as because they allowed the rhetoric and the civilization of the entire country to be infected with a peculiar Northern savagery of which the savagely contemptuous tone of New York life became a representative model. For my argument is not that the descendants of Englishmen and Irishmen and continental Europeans who had come to this nation retained within themselves too much of the Old World, preserving with their minds and practices gothic vestiges of feudalism, aristocracy, racialism. The very opposite is true: few of these descendants have remained really descendants, they have not remained European, they tore themselves away from the roots of the only traditional civilization they may have had. The demonic savagery that threatens America today is of the making of its nomadic inhabitants, mostly whites.

There are so many illustrations of this condition that a few snapshots ought to suffice. If the Black Panthers are making a cult of savagery, so do the Hell's Angels; and there are reasons to believe that the Panthers imitate the Angels. "What is good for America is good for the world": behind the benevolent facial expression of American internationalism lies the often savage—yes, savage—desire to level the world into one big plain, in the name of Justice: this Wilsonian slogan dominates the relationship of Americans to the rest of the world even now, perpetrated as it was first not by that bumbling General Motors statesman Charles Wilson but by the

Ideal and Idealist President, Woodrow Wilson.

What appalls me, a European, about American football is its savagery not its violence: the now Martian outfits of the players; its peculiarly American pattern of savage speeds and jerky long stops; there is savagery in the face of Vince Lombardi, for that is what Midwestern America can do to an Italian face, perhaps even more savagery than in the punky features of George Wallace.

Savagery, not violence, marks the appalling features of our automobile civilization: the uprooting of breathing nature, the inhuman spaces of hot lonely parking lots, the roaring trucks with their garish lights and jeweled rubber chaps; and it is the artificial excitement of savagery, not the violent impatient desire to hurry time that makes boys burn and shriek back and forth on our highways at night. Aimless Speed: the American predicament. In the late Forties and early Fifties one often saw carloads of boys, in black hot-rods, sitting erect and half-naked, bronzed in the cars, jeering and screaming, with wild music blaring, rocketing off at the stops. The radio music, then, was still Midwestern and automatic: but the savage rock-drill, the rock and roll—consider, for a moment, all of the Nordic primitive savagery compressed within these two words—of the American Sixties was already contained within their black repainted cars, mechanical insects, buglike germs of the then near-future.

Meanwhile the intellectuals have caught on. For the last eight or nine years a hitherto unsurpassed cult of ugliness and of savagery has been abroad in the land, among the hards as well as the softs, often propagated in the name of Consciousness, Self-Realization, Imagination: and whereas this diabolical (for that is what it is) cult of ugliness has spread, like an oil-slick, on the surface of Europe, here it draws some of its sickly strength from the marrow.

Consciousness! Imagination! What miseries . . . Imagination has decayed to a level where it has remained stuck, for years now, at the sickening patterns and even the lettering of the art nouveau style of 1900. The sense-hallucinatory practices induced by drugs, too, have nothing to do with the cultivation of imagination: for imagination is nourished by more-or-less conscious sources from our personal past, whereas hallucination is the very opposite of memory: oriented toward a nonexistent future, it wishes to blot out reality, unlike memory which is attracted by the deepening of it. Far from representing a deepening of consciousness, hallucination represents a regression to a more primitive form thereof. Dependent on external stimulants, it is fundamentally passive, whereas imagination is fundamentally active. And here I come to a sad important point: that Americans are a fundamentally, very fundamentally, passive people. How could they be otherwise? For a long time now they have been taught, and they have come to believe, that human beings are results; products. Behind much of the superficial impressions of restlessness and hyperactivity there

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lies a deep American sense of passivity, just as behind superficial overoptimism there often lies the sense of despair.

What are the principal sources of this American attitude? They are, I believe, Puritan, democratic, Indian. Puritan: because of a conviction of predestination which from its original religious sources went on, transmuted, into the present overall acceptance of scientism, meaning that a man is *determined* by his hormones, complexes, environment, IQ's, DNA—a Western fatalism, if there ever was one. Democratic: because the ideology of democracy, as Tocqueville foresaw, threatens civilization less through anarchy and violence than through conformism, through the acceptance of philosophies that cannot, and will not, recognize human free will, philosophies which even the most successful leaders of a democracy come to share wholly (whence, for example, John Kennedy's enthusiastic espousal, in the Foreword of his *Profiles in Courage*, of Hemingway's mechanical and fatalist "definition" of "courage"). Indian: because no matter how much concrete is poured over their dead campsites, the curse on their land remains. They infected the American soul, and the face is the mirror of the soul: I am not only speaking of the now stupid fad of Indian fashions, ranging from the American juvenile cult of hallucinatory inarticulateness to the obscene scenes of fat German trucking executives whooping it up along the black Upper Danube in breechcloths, tents, wigwams: I am looking at the faces of some of our public figures of the Sixties: Goldwater the Indian Jew of the Southwest, Bobby Kennedy the Irish Indian Boy.

Kindness and savagery, generosity and suspicion, utopianism and fatalism: these are principal American characteristics, elements of the American national character that has not yet crystallized. Its crystallization was disrupted, slowed down early in this century, at the very time when the place of the American empire in the world was beginning to crystallize. Twice in this century America had come to help save the democracies of Western Europe, no doubt out of mixed motives: but at least one of these motives was the wish of many Americans to save Western Europe from barbarianism. This motive was obscured by slogans and submerged by the hazy strong desire to make the entire world like America; but perhaps a chastened realization of America's place in the world may be around the corner now. The value of this realization, however, depends on the recognition that America's relationship to Europe is different, that it must be different, from its relationship to the rest of the world, and not only because of political or strategic reasons.

The future of Europe is not its Americanization, all of the superficial servant scribblers notwithstanding. The future of America *is* Americanization: but this may now mean either the increase of savagery or the increase of civilization: and in the event of the latter Americans must know that Western civilization, no matter what its faults,

is essentially, and inescapably, European in its roots. Americans may not recognize this yet, even though they are about to recognize that the era of American omnipotence may be over. And why? Because the Working Ideas of the New Men, of the American Engineers, who proclaimed not so long ago that history was bunk, brought about the most frustrating and helpless condition in which modern man can find himself, that is, being stuck in an endless traffic jam. For that is what it is, a traffic jam: the cities of the richest Power on earth turning into vast slums inhabited by masses of nomads; the most prosperous Institutions of Industry no longer attracting either the ambitions of greedy youth or the investments of calculating foreigners; the nation with the most gigantic Armaments and Technology that the world has ever seen now incapable of imposing its will on jungles at home or abroad, impotent in the face of such foreign skirmishes that gunboat statesmanship fifty years ago could handle with ease.

But beware of the preaching of impotence, especially in the United States! The impotent are often the most savage of all. Many of those intellectuals who scream against violence have now become the voyeurs and purveyors of savagery. They are responsible for very, very much. They have been siding with savagery, against civilization. They have gone one worse than the Bourbons after the Restoration: they have forgotten everything, and learned nothing. When Mr. Mike Nichols, a now Principal Culture Commissar, says that "Critics are like eunuchs watching a gang-bang. They must truly be ignored," this is yet another New Man trotting out yet another of the tatchety clichés of Hem, the Old Injun of the Ritz and, broadcasting from Hollywood to New York, he has forgotten, too, something else, which is that one need not be a eunuch to find a Gang-Bang revolting.

The Wages of Gang-Bangs is Death. Americans ought to know this; and, preferably, learn it not by experience. For Death, no matter whether small or big, comes but once; and it is irrevocable, no matter the blather of gurus. or of the Heart Plantation Corporation, now forming.



SR. MARY ANTHONY WEINIG, S.H.C.J.

MEDITATION ON GRENDEL

After a good look at the long line
Of anonymous dragons (drawn fiery)
And noting that most monsters besides
Are nameless, numbered and known only
By classes, I see the clenched mind
Of Grendel differently. Desperate Grendel,
Curse or choice chains, constrains him
Hating hard what he half is
Without heeding who and the whole.

'HUMAN LIFE' AND HUMAN LOVE

The birth control encyclical was disappointingly inadequate and largely fallacious

JAMES T. BURTCHAELL

The Pope's veto upon artificial contraception, some fear, may provoke schism within the Roman Catholic Church. Others disagree: the issue is not a crucial dogma, it is not at the epicenter of the Christian faith. But these more sanguine observers forget that schism never was the outcome of dogmatic disagreement. It grows out of anger. Similarly, "religious persecution" never results from anyone's faith. It has much murkier beginnings in ethnic hatred or economic rivalry, and then is blamed on religious zeal. In the matter of schism, Christians periodically fall into hostile sects because their mounting pique brings them to the spiteful point where they do not want to go on talking to one another. Schism is a breakdown in patience before it is a conflict of creed. And if the Church has at times been dismembered over the date of Easter, over the *filioque*, and even over the preference of grape juice to wine, then the present squabble over contraception is not too trivial to generate the mood and to provide the pretext for schism. In fact, one is reminded of Walter Bagehot's wry comment: "When great questions end, little parties begin."

The public debate has already known bitter moments and acid words. Many Catholics, according to the polls, could not believe their ears, and are outraged. The Shepherd, who for his part surely anticipated some unhappy bleating from his flock, must have been startled at the barking, howling, and baying, and must wonder what sort of flock grazes in his pasture. Numerous and loud have been the bishops who have instantly demanded unqualified acceptance of *Humanae Vitae*; one is puzzled

why similar loyalty oaths were not required after the same Pope published *Populorum Progressio*. Many theologians—impressively many—reacted swiftly and dissented from the encyclical. I have felt it necessary to hesitate awhile longer, for fear of speaking too rudely. Whenever a responsible and venerable world leader ignores the wisest and most professional advice he can obtain, and throws his full reputation and public respect into jeopardy for a policy he knows will fly in the face of popular sentiment and comfort, one takes pause before criticizing him. But in the end one cannot be abject for the sake of courtesy. And so—surely without rancor, and hopefully with some small measure of the great courage that Paul VI has himself displayed—I must now take public issue with an encyclical that I consider to be disappointingly inadequate and largely fallacious.

FIRST, a word should be said about the competence of the papacy. Many societies to which men belong have constitutions. The United States of America is, among nations, one country that does possess a founding document against which all subsequent governmental acts must be compared to ascertain their legitimacy. In purely common-law systems, such as the United Kingdom, parliaments are more free to legislate as they please, and whatever they enact becomes by that very fact legitimate. Now the Christian Church is in the awkward position of possessing neither of these classic traditions.

The Church does look back to ancient covenants and to the compelling imperatives of Jesus of Nazareth, but there is no simple jurisprudence wherewith the Church's behavior can be satisfactorily verified by reference backwards to these as to a constitution. On the other hand, the Church cannot simply live in its own present, naively

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confident that its own self-understanding and discretion will prove to be adequate norms. The disturbing thing about the Church is that her conduct has to be referred, not just to past documents and precedents, nor merely to present enactments, but to future judgment: first to the judgment of later generations with their increased perspective, and ultimately to the scrutiny of the Lord himself. She must act as seems best in any passing moment, in deep obligation to the past with its lessons learned, and yet with an apprehension of the future and its criticisms.

In the case of the bishop of Rome (as of any cleric), his competence is nowhere clearly laid down in advance, nor is he completely at liberty to define it as he will. The risk is that over-papalization will continually increase. A variety of pressures—constant appeals to intervene in disputes, the need to assist local churches against state aggrandizement, or just plain zest for power—all these will tempt the pope and everyone else to feel that there are practically no limits to his competence. As he extends his warrant further and further—generally for the service and with the eventual acquiescence of successive generations—he becomes harder to rebuke and increasingly unable to retain a sense of his own appropriate responsibilities. By and by this expansion of prerogative becomes oppressive to the Church, which has no tribunal before which to plead its grievances with the pope, and hence must fall back on other time-tried procedures for social reform: public confrontation and conscientious resistance, designed not to stymie the pope but to recall his responsibility to more conscionable limits. The world beyond can also be oppressed through illegitimate claims of power by the Church and its functionaries; but the world has its own, sometimes devastating, countermeasures.

What we witness today is an abrupt reaction to the wave of hyperauthoritarianism within the Catholic Church since (at least) the Reformation. The Christian Church had in fact been obsessed with authority long before the 16th century, but at that time attention narrowed to the papacy. Many have been led to believe that Vatican II resolved this problem of power-accumulation. Not entirely. By asserting their own collegiality the bishops did insist that the papacy enjoyed no exclusive franchise on Church-wide decision making. They accepted and imposed a restored and improved arrangement of who should exercise authority within the Church. But they left largely unresolved the much more basic issue: how much authority does the Church claim or possess, no matter who wields it?

After any rancorous split within the Church, each faction tends to define itself, not so much by its greater or lesser congruence with the gospel of Christ, but by any possible favorable comparison with its competitor. And all the while that Catholics and Protestants have wrangled over the papacy, both parties have ignored

the much deeper and more ancient problem. The question is not who speaks for the Church, but how much say the Church has.

Rightful Limits

Professor Bernard Häring has taken offense at the pope's statement because it was made unilaterally, not in concert with the worldwide episcopate. This is perhaps an unfair complaint, to judge by the vocal support arising from bishops in all directions. If there are many bishops whose convictions run clean athwart the encyclical, they have not yet stood up to be counted. The point to pursue is not whether the Pope has spoken too much in isolation, but whether any or all Christians in united chorus could rightly say what he has said.

One of the most extravagant claims made by Catholics about Church empowerment was the declaration made in 1870 by Vatican I regarding the papacy. It has had enormous influence on Church polity, but few have troubled to read it closely: "When the Roman Pontiff speaks *ex cathedra*, i.e., when he acts as shepherd and teacher of all Christians, and defines with his supreme apostolic authority a teaching on faith or morals to be accepted by the universal Church, then through the divine assistance promised to him in blessed Peter he enjoys that infallibility which the divine Redeemer wished his Church to possess in defining teaching about faith or morals; therefore the Roman Pontiff's definitions are irreformable in their own right, and not through the consensus of the Church."

What the nimble fathers of Vatican I are asserting is this: under certain conditions the pope may be the spokesman and instrument of whatever infallibility the Church possesses. But this only poses the greater question: what infallibility did God wish his Church to enjoy?

Infallibility has been a working presumption, a relatively unexamined postulate. In its more solemn and circumspect moments the Catholic Church has been cautious and wary when professing infallibility. The more widespread, day-to-day claims have sometimes been reckless and unrestrained. We have, indeed, promises that the Church will endure; there are no promises that it must necessarily avoid serious error, despite abusive attempts to force the New Testament into saying so. We have simply presumed that in issues deemed at the time to be essential the Church is preserved from making mistakes. Might it not be an equally warranted—or less unwarranted—presumption that whatever its mistakes, the Church will outlive and correct them?

Furthermore, it has generally been understood that the area of "faith and morals" over which the Church has claimed to exercise infallible teaching power is the area of *revelation*. The present encyclical is most cautious in that it lays claim to authority to interpret the natural moral law, but refrains from suggesting that such matters

as the letter touches upon are the sort that could be infallibly defined.

The point I wish to emerge from all this is that ecclesiastical infallibility is a relatively unplumbed supposition which the Catholic Church has compulsively clung to since the break with the Protestants; but that even if it prove to be a legitimate claim, it could never guarantee this papal statement against contraception. And if this is so, then the statement is perfectly liable to criticism and even denial by Catholics of the most loyal sentiments.

We have got to outgrow the notion that the Church, when pressed, can come up with the answer to every dilemma that faces it. Not a few Catholics today are complaining that they are confused—by this and other open controversy. But what ever made us suppose that we had the right to be free from confusion when exploring the most urgent and mysterious problems of human life and faith? All Catholics must realize that there are vexing and confusing arguments that the Pope would like to settle, but cannot—since he may be confused like the rest of us. Often he must speak out—as must any faithful and thoughtful Christian—and state his mind as best he can. What he must *not* do is attempt to impose cloture on a discussion which he cannot bring definitively to an end. The recent encyclical tried to do that, but providentially it achieved the opposite. It accelerated debate, which is probably what the Church needed at the time.

A long portion of *Humanae Vitae* consists in an appeal for loyalty. Perhaps because he senses that his arguments will fail of persuasion, Paul presses all teachers to fall behind him and avoid any appearance of dissension within the Church. This appeal to loyalty is unfortunate. The only possible way the Holy Father can or should want his fellow-believers to share and disseminate his view is for them to be honestly convinced by the force of what he is proposing as an essentially rational argument. Appeals beyond conviction to loyalty have their place elsewhere, for example, in a parliament where loyalty to the party and to its leader would induce supporters to accept some unpleasant but tolerable policies for the sake of the larger, long-range program. And it should be remembered that in these systems constructed on loyalty, the leader is obliged to resign when he loses the confidence of his loyal constituency. This is not our system.

It has not gone unnoticed that practically the only spokesmen to support the encyclical vocally are men whose careers depend on ecclesiastical preferment. One suspects—though this can probably never be adequately verified—that they have not all taken the pope at his word (since he forwent any pretense of infallibility in the matter), and examined his arguments for what they were worth. One believes that they would be less intolerant of correction or dissent if they did. Among the reactions of many of the American hierarchy, some of which can only be described as over-anxious, one listens in vain to

hear a bishop discussing the issue. Although the discussion ranges over an area where the papal claim to authority is at its most attenuated, the bishops are ignoring what the Pope has said, and fixing their large concern on the fact that *he* has said it.

Some complaint needs to be lodged against the grounds on which the encyclical dismissed and contradicted the report of the overwhelming majority of the papal study commission, “above all because certain criteria of solutions had emerged which departed from the moral teaching on marriage proposed with constant firmness by the teaching authority of the Church.” One gathers that “teaching authority” refers to the last three popes. Astonishingly, the footnotes do not document this constant firmness any further back than 1930. As one law school dean has observed, a similarly impoverished set of precedents in one of his students’ briefs would win him an “F”. It is the commission’s majority report, not to mention John Noonan’s immensely erudite and corroborative historical monograph, that reviews the overall tradition within the Church. It is the encyclical that is grounded upon novelty.

Summing Up

I have ventured to offer some extended remarks on the competence of the papacy to impose such a statement as the recent Encyclical *Humanae Vitae*. For the sake of clarity let me summarize:

1. A general fixation on authority in the Church has focused of late upon the Pope, who is wrongly expected (and perhaps expects himself) to be able to answer any urgent and perplexing questions troubling the Christian community. I think it likely that the Pope came to regret his casual promise of several years ago that he would solve the problem of contraception once and for all.

2. The encyclical does not allege infallibility, nor would such a claim be admissible. The Church does not seriously plead freedom from every error except within the narrow limits of revelation, and even this assumption bears considerable scrutiny in our time.

3. What is not infallible must be open to debate. The encyclical can claim assent from its readers only by the cogency of its arguments, which concern marriage and sex and social conditions and demography. No sense of loyalty should persuade anyone to accept the conclusions without accepting the evidence submitted. Much of the pressure employed to force assent is simply blackmail. Cardinal O’Boyle has recently accused priests who dissented from Paul’s view of “setting the Church on fire.” (Frankly, were charges of arson to be made, this writer would find the cardinal more of an incendiary than those he accuses.) He is, in a way, correct. And it is sad to realize that after so many years of bullying, many Catholics are frightened and confused when any coreligionist criticizes the Pope—for whatever reason.

ROMAN Documents, it should be remembered, have taken different stands on contraception and on birth control. They are, after all, not exactly the same. Birth control is the more general term, since it includes both contraception and also infanticide before birth. Since abortion has traditionally been viewed by most Catholic divines as occult murder, it is regarded with no tolerance by Rome as a method of birth control. Contraception, an alternative mode of birth control, has been differently considered by Rome, and in 1951 Pius XII executed a remarkable swerve in the course of recent tradition when he accepted contraception on principle, in his famous allocution to the Italian Midwives' Society: "There are serious motives, such as those often mentioned in the so-called medical, eugenic, economic and social 'indication,' that can exempt for a long time, perhaps even for the whole duration of the marriage, from the positive and obligatory carrying out of the act. From this it follows that observing the non-fertile periods alone can be lawful only under a moral aspect. Under the conditions mentioned it really is so."

Once the Pope admitted in principle that married couples might have good and wholesome reasons for controlling their own fertility, discussion narrowed to the single question of method. Pius approved only two methods of contraception: total abstinence and periodic abstinence (unfortunately called "rhythm"). All other methods he unflinchingly proscribed.

My own opinion on total abstinence between husband and wife is that it would generally be repugnant and offensive. There would, I reckon, be few instances when this denial—even by mutual consent—of one of the most appropriate embodiments of marital commitment and affection would not be judged immoral. As for all other means of contraception—withdrawal, rhythm, artificial devices, anovulant pills, temporary or permanent sterilization—I can see no imposing intrinsic ethical difference between them. All are obviously artificial. Some require cultural sophistication (rhythm, pills), others involve a modicum of risk (sterilization), still others are unpleasant (withdrawal, spermicides, devices). Catholic moralists have conventionally condemned all of them, and one ventures to suggest that much of their writing on the subject reads like treatises on sexual plumbing, with a devastatingly equivocal use of the term "unnatural."

Of all these methods I should be tempted to think of rhythm as the most unnatural of all, since it inhibits not only conception, but the expression of affection. It is, in my opinion, a base theology that would want intercourse to harmonize with the involuntary endocrine rhythm of ovulation and menstruation, while forsaking the greater spiritual and emotional ebbs and flows which should also govern sexual union. In the human species, especially, where coitus is freed from the estrous cycle, it is obviously open to personal meaning and depth quite in-

dependent of fertility. Different methods of contraception will be employed by couples in different circumstances. Medical advice and convenience will lead them to favor the surest and easiest means, although in certain instances they may have recourse to otherwise less preferable methods. All are artificial, of course, and artificiality in the biology of sexual intercourse need be no more loathsome than it is in synthetic fibers, vascular surgery, or musical composition.

According to the ethical model followed by *Humanae Vitae*, one must assign moral value to methods of contraception within the isolated context of a single event of coitus, rather than the full sequence and story of love and childbearing throughout the course of a marriage. The Pope parts company with his advisory commission, which reported: "The morality of sexual acts between married people takes its meaning first of all and specifically from the ordering of their actions in a fruitful married life, that is, one which is practiced with responsible, generous and prudent parenthood. It does not then depend upon the direct fecundity of each and every particular act."

The Pope rejects this view (in par. 14) by stating simply that a single intercourse made intentionally infecund is intrinsically dishonest. But this begs the question. It is being argued precisely that the honesty of intercourse derives, not just from the individual act, but from the whole orientation of the marriage. There are certain features of intercourse which would always have to be present, like gentleness. Other features need to derive from the total sequence of sexual union, but are in no way attached to each event—conception would seem to be one such feature.

Consequently it is difficult to follow the papal argument. I am unpersuaded that contraception is intrinsically immoral, and what is more, I doubt that the question can be answered on the narrow, single-intercourse basis which the encyclical has taken to be normative.

CUSTOMARY Catholic theology has claimed that the primary end of marriage and of sex is the begetting and rearing of children. Listed as secondary ends: the satisfaction of desire and mutual support. Contraception—so the argument runs—violates this primary purpose by frustrating procreation.

Few non-Catholics accept this outline. Fewer Catholics are anxious to defend it publicly. One feature that seems to repel the contemporary mind is the intricate casuistry of the argument, and indeed of most Catholic sexual moralizing. John Howard writes in the Australian quarterly, *Prospect*: "When I was at school, certain practices of the Pharisees aroused my curiosity and amazement. Years later I read a serious contribution by a Jesuit to the Transactions of the Guild of St. Luke, stating that AIH was acceptable if semen deposited in the wife's vagina by normal intercourse were drawn into a syringe

and injected into, or near, the os of the cervix. *To withdraw* the syringe from the vagina in the process would, however, be gravely sinful."

The criticism is well made. Many a Catholic treatise on sex would suffer even by comparison with the Talmud. Yet where does necessary complexity leave off and quibbling begin? Ethical decisions in jurisprudence, finance, and surgery can be no less thorough than the facts to which they apply.

The argument's greatest weakness, it seems to me, is that it bespeaks a stud-farm theology. What does "primary end" mean? If it is supposed to mean that the act of intercourse is basically a biological act whose immediate orientation is aimed at procreation, all would agree. But the preponderance of Catholic writers seem to take "primary end" to mean "principal purpose," "most important goal," "chief finality." This is quite absurd. We could as well say that the "primary end" of the Nobel Prize Award Banquet is nutrition, that the "primary end" of the Mexico City Olympic Games is exercise, and that the "primary end" of Baptism is hygiene.

Another View

There are plenty of indications that a broader view exists among Catholics. Pius XI, in his encyclical letter on marriage in 1930, cites the traditional Augustinian "reproductive" formula, but later goes beyond it: "This inward molding of spouse to spouse, this eager striving to draw each other to fulfillment, can in the truest sense be called the primary purpose and explanation of marriage, as the *Roman Catechism* teaches. Marriage would thus be considered, not in the narrow sense as created for the procreation and education of offspring, but in the broad sense as the sharing, the familiarity, and the companionship of life in its fulness."

Pius XII laid similarly heavy emphasis on the personal dimension of sex when he spoke out sharply in 1951 against artificial insemination: "To reduce the cohabitation of married persons and the conjugal act to a mere organic function for the transmission of the germ of life would be to convert the domestic hearth, sanctuary of the family, into nothing more than a biological laboratory. . . . The conjugal act in its natural structure is a personal act, a simultaneous and immediate cooperation of the spouses which, by the very nature of the participants and the special character of the act, is the expression of that mutual self-giving which, in the words of Holy Scripture, effects the union 'in one flesh.'"

And just a few years back, the late Msgr. J. D. Conway, former president of the Canon Law Society of America, called for the old Augustinian formula to be dropped: "Canon 1013, which defines the purposes—the philosophical ends—of marriage, should be worded with greater delicacy. The primary purpose, procreation

and education of children, clearly relegates to second rank the mutual love, happiness and welfare of the spouses. And these secondary purposes are further slighted by defining them as 'mutual aid and the remedy of concupiscence.' Even though law is not romantic it should be able to recognize in marriage something more human, positive, spiritual and amorous."

There is no reason why the Church should not produce a restatement which gives personal values their proper due. *Humanae Vitae* might have been that restatement. Conjugal love is a many-splendored thing. Christian theology has no choice but to confront it in all its fulness: what Daniel Sullivan has called "psychospiritual union and abandon, the total orgasm of the body and spirit."

Another weak point in the standard Catholic formula is the undefined and ambiguous way it uses the notion "natural." Everyone agrees that it is good to be natural; what that might mean is more difficult to agree upon. The average European will think it natural to smoke, live gregariously in cities, and discuss politics and religion in the pub; the Peruvian Indian may do none of these, yet not think himself unnatural. A child of three may feel it natural to suck his thumb, as he may feel it natural at fifteen to masturbate; his parents will think both activities are unnatural and immature. Anthropologists tell us it is natural for all peoples to worship a deity; theologians find this suggestive of the supernatural. Manuals of medical ethics teach that progestational steroids (the Pill) are unnatural because they inhibit ovulation; Dr. Rock replies that they are as natural as vitamins. Catholic moralists have claimed it unnatural to misplace, trap, kill, or block the seed in intercourse, but have labelled the rhythm method natural. Not all Catholic parents would agree, as witness this letter to the editors in *Commonweal* in 1964:

"Our second child had shown us that the calendar approach to rhythm was ineffective in our case, and so my wife moved on to the more sophisticated paraphernalia of the rhythm system—thermometers, tapes, tubes and the like . . . We read and re-read the Catholic teaching on the natural law as it applied to marriage in general and to the Church's position on birth control in particular. Again and again the emphasis was found to be placed on what is 'natural.' And then we thought of the tapes and tubes and thermometers. This was natural?"

It seems hopeless to disentangle from this thicket of cross-purposes a working notion of "natural" that could serve the discussion of conjugal morality. For what it is worth, I should like to propose one from scratch.

Moral decisions in statecraft, economics, and jurisprudence are in constant flux, since the state, the economy, and the law are artificial institutions always on the move. There is something more perennial about the family. Marriage, it seems, has certain inbuilt requirements for success—requirements as complex as the intricate, constant makeup of man and woman. Though

they have often failed to take the total view of marriage, Catholics have rightly insisted that it has its own ineluctable rules.

On the other hand, marital life is not automatically controlled as is digestion; a life of love must be a life of free choice. Any appropriate notion of "natural" will have to be correspondingly supple. There is perhaps no other human activity which so completely draws on the full range of forces in our nature: the will, the passions and affections, and the body. A restored vision of the "natural" would view the way in which these components of human nature are meant to respond to the conjugal situation: *What brings the personality of the spouses to full bloom, what promotes their growth to maturity, what brings husband, wife, and children to the highest pitch of happiness.*

IT IS unfortunate, not so much that the Pope has chosen to repeat such negative and unconvincing judgments on contraception, but that he continued to dwell almost exclusively upon the problem of method, without adequate attention to the far more crucial issue of motivation. Catholics have offered little insight into this more sensitive moral problem. Except for Pius XII's rather terse outline of reasonable causes, the conventional breeding theology has been about all we have had to give. On the other hand, I find the equally shrill and superficial sort of propaganda devised by those who promote contraception to be frighteningly deprived of any rich vision of marital growth in love. In any Dantesque view of the future, surely the canonist-moralists of the narrow tradition and the evangelists of the Planned Parenthood Federation will be consigned to each other's company.

My distress is that our quibbling over method fails to challenge the illusory motives which lead so many families to adopt contraception. This appears to be the case with individual couples, as also with entire peoples. In this country, for example, millions of families are pressed by medical urgency or financial crisis or similarly serious burdens that contraception can rightly relieve. And in numerous homes, births are timed to allow either for further self-growth in education, or for alternative forms of neighbor-service. But I would estimate that far more couples avoid or curtail children because they share the grudging national attitude that resents children as so many more drains on their generosity and budget. bluntly: selfishness is perhaps the most frequent excuse for contraception in this rich country.

In this regard, one would fault the Pope for having said too little, rather than too much. If a critic may be permitted to point out a passage in the encyclical which seems particularly well put, I would draw particular attention to the disappointingly brief remarks made in par. 9 about the characteristics of conjugal love: "This love is first of all fully human, that is to say, of the senses and of the spirit at the same time . . . This love is total,

that is to say, it is a very special form of personal friendship, in which husband and wife generously share everything, without undue reservations or selfish calculations . . . Again, this love is faithful and exclusive until death."

Here was the vein of thought that could have been worked so much more. It is here, in throwing up to his readers the awesome challenges of marriage, that the pontiff could have confronted the world with its increasingly contraceptive mentality. This is a point which needs making, needs shouting from the rooftops.

Two Views of Marriage

Someone is responsible for foisting on our world the fantastic idea that marriage is easy. The Catholic Church has, I think, tended to think it frighteningly difficult. It is always moving for a priest to face a young couple before the altar and guide them through the awesome oaths of total abandonment. Like six-year-olds promising in their prayers to "love God with my whole heart," the bride and groom speak in hyperbole. They could hardly be expected to imagine what are the depths of "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part." Their parents in the front pews have a good idea; the Church knows, and prays that the young man and woman will find the generosity to learn, and will learn the generosity.

Real love, to men and women born as we all are with a selfish streak, doesn't come easily at all. When Paul tells husbands to love their wives as Christ loved the Church and gave himself up for her, he is haunted by the symbol and measure of that cherishing: the crucifixion. Love, says the Song of Songs, is as mighty as death. It is a struggle to the death to give self away. It has to be learned so very slowly. Marriage is that great adventure in adult education, wherein parents have far more to learn and longer strides to make toward maturity than the children.

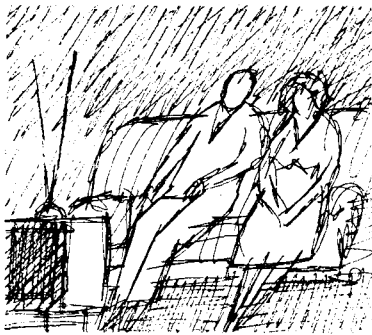
Growth in love—as all growth—means stress and sacrifice. The Church has never tried to conceal this. She simply says that marriage is glorious if you accept the stress and sacrifice. It is hell if you try short-cuts. And there are all sorts of short-cuts offered these days.

Barbara Cadbury, for instance, returned from a good-cheer tour in Asia for the Planned Parenthood Federation, wrote enthusiastically in *Family Planning in East Asia* (Penguin, 1963) of the "courageous sense of realism" with which Japanese kill their children. But the government, she says, now feels "that abortion is, as a regular method of birth control, harmful to the individual despite its benefit to the nation." The individual harmed is presumably the individual killing, not the individual killed. (I am reminded of the complaint made by the Commandant of Auschwitz, that the excessive shipments of Jews to be gassed and cremated worked unreasonable hardship on the prison guards.) But Mrs. Cadbury's most

telling remark is this: "No other country in the world has so rapidly passed from fertility-motivated habits to producing only desired and cherished children." The two million or so children each year who are not "desired and cherished" are cut out of the womb and thrown away.

The Catholic Church should see it just the other way around from Mrs. Cadbury. If a man and woman have brought to life in the womb a child who is not desired or cherished, their problem is not how to murder the child but how to learn to desire and cherish him. The Church would concede that it is often easier to kill your child than to love him. But to the Japanese parents and to Mrs. Cadbury she recommends the latter.

A young woman at whose marriage I had officiated came to me several months later to tell me that every night during intercourse she was seized with fear that she might conceive. They couldn't possibly, she cried, afford a baby yet. Knowing that her parents had given them a house and land, and that both husband and wife were working for good wages, I was rather surprised. As it turned out, they had gone heavily into debt to buy a \$600 oak living-room suite, a \$400 maple bedroom set, a \$300 dining room ensemble, \$600 worth of kitchen appliances, and \$250 worth of laundry equipment. The unfortunate couple had been sold a bill of goods—not by the furniture salesman, but by the rotten and damned



culture that had so persuaded a man and his wife that a child came just below laundry equipment on their list of needs. Before the year was out they would come to loathe the oaken and maple boredom.

There are plenty of other examples which betray the radical disagreement between the Church and our culture regarding marriage. We are chided by the realists of the day for our intransigent stand against divorce. Once the marriage relationship is dead—especially when it is violently killed by adultery—it is false to pretend otherwise. The Church replies that the marriage bond is grounded, not on the love of the moment, but on oaths made in view of love. Obviously the oath without the love is misery. But it is the very function of forgiveness to restore that love and breathe into it an even steadier life than before. The Church never ignored the cold fact that adultery kills love; but she recommends resurrection instead of cremation. The Church should know something of

forgiveness and its power. The only love-bond she has as Christ's bride is one of her repentance and his forgiveness. Says Jean Guitton: "The remedy for the ills caused by love is a summons to progress in love. In other terms, love can cure the wounds it inflicts, on condition that it rises to greater heights."

Marriage and the Gospel

The source which has taught me the most about marriage is the 19th chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew. This chapter records two interviews with Jesus. In the second, he is asked by a young man what he must do to possess eternal life. This was a standard question that any Jew would ask a rabbi and Jesus' answer at first is a very standard answer: "You must keep the Commandments." And he lists several of the very familiar commandments. The young man is pleased and replies that he has been observant since boyhood. Jesus then says that this is not enough. If he wants to go all the way, then he must sell everything, give it away, and follow after him. At this the young man is not so pleased because, as the evangelist points out, he has a great deal to sell. Somewhat disillusioned, he turns around and goes away. The point of the story is that he does not have eternal life even though he has kept the commandments from his youth.

Here Jesus is opposing to the religion of his day another type of faith which has no concrete terms or prior conditions. When a Jew purposely undertook the life of a Jew, he knew what he was undertaking. He was told in advance what were the terms of faith and he accepted them with eyes open. When a man accepted to follow Jesus, he had no idea what the terms were. Nothing specific was told him in advance except that he must surrender to whatever claims Jesus, through all of his neighbors, would put on him. The young man rightly recognized that this was far more frightening since there was no way of calculating how much he was giving away. And so . . . he relinquished eternal life. After he leaves the scene, the disciples are somewhat nervous and they ask, "Well, if this is the way it is, who on earth could get into the Kingdom of Heaven?" and Jesus says it is not for everyone; it is a gift.

In the earlier part of the chapter, a very similar interview takes place. Jesus is asked what are the terms for divorce. In the religion of his day, people entered marriage knowing in advance what were the limits of endurance: what things a man could be expected to tolerate and what things he need not accept. Jesus insists that in marriage, as he conceives it, there are no terms; there is no divorce. The people go away shaking their heads. Once again the disciples are a little bit upset and they ask Jesus, "But if this is the way it is, who on earth could get married?" and he says, "It is not for everyone; it is a gift."

What I perceive from this chapter is that the unlimited surrender which a man very frighteningly makes to Jesus Christ in Baptism has as perhaps its closest imitation among men Christian marriage, wherein a man and a woman surrender to one another without terms. Jesus can say to a man in the crowd, "You! Follow me" and the man has no idea where that will lead. Just so, a man can say to a woman, "Follow me, with no idea where that will lead or what I will become." And the woman in her turn says to him, "And you follow me, not knowing where I will lead you." Marriage, like Baptism, begins in faith. It is a move based simply upon trust in a person—not a policy, a religion, a moral code, a set of requirements. It is an open-ended abandonment to an unpredictable person, who is known and cherished enough that one can make the surrender.

If this be so, then Christian marriage is not like all other marriages. Marriage is what you make of it and Christian marriage is a particular, voluntary form which Christians have fashioned for themselves. There are many other forms of marriage and we should not imagine that they are not legitimate. If in a certain culture it is accepted that a man has six wives, it is none of our business to constrain the man to discard five of them. If a man says to six women, "You are my wife," then they are indeed his wives. If in another culture it is understood that a man may exchange wives at whim, then it is none of our business to tell him he must marry for life. It is our calling to live our baptismal faith and our marriage faith before the eyes of all men and women so honestly and generously that the entire Christian commitment would in turn become their voluntary undertaking, also.

In fact, it is unfortunate that in our civil marriage ceremony, words are put into the mouths of men and women whereby they promise to one another things that they in no way intend to promise. In our society it is not understood that a man and a woman give themselves away for better, for worse, until death. They do not give themselves away unconditionally; they give themselves away indefinitely. Yet because our civil marriage form is descended from the Christian sacramental forms, couples are forced to say more than they mean.

Now if Christian marriage is a particular, extraordinary, peculiar way for a man and a woman to join together, then we must realize that it has particular obligations. The most important one is similar to the obligation to follow Jesus. When you tie yourself to a person, you cannot control your future. Everyone of us has within himself an unbelievable potential for love and for generosity but we do not bring it out very willingly. It has to be torn out of us. And the thing about Christian marriage is that the surprises encountered demand a love and generosity from us that we can in no way calculate or control. If that be so, then the incalculability of the demands of children fits very closely into the generosity that

a man and a woman share in marriage. If a man and a woman can and do calculate and hedge the major claims made upon their generosity in the course of their marriage, then I fear that it is less a marriage of faith, and it will not blossom into a marriage of love such as Christians can enjoy.

The Church should not be interested in breeding. A thoughtless priest said in the United States a few years ago that Catholics would put an end to religious discrimination in a generation or two by outproducing their contracepting opponents. Preachers have also suggested that the obligation to crowd heaven should stimulate Catholic parents to optimum production. Both statements breathe nonsense. Yet the Church has always had a smile for children, not because she is interested in population but because she is interested in love. And besides, she was once told that of such is the kingdom of heaven.

A first child, especially a boy-child, can easily be a threat to his father, for he seems to be a competitor for the wife's love that had been all his before. Similarly, each new child that swells the brood can seem a burden: the loaf must now be sliced just that much thinner. Faith sees another side to it. Bread may be sliced thinner, but love is sliced larger, and greater love sets about winning more bread. Every person, every parent is a fathomless well of love-potential. Children are not threats to love or competitors for it—they are new claims upon it, new tugs on the ungenerous heart to force it open further than it felt it could go. Children don't divide parents' love; they should invite it to multiply. Enormous resources of parent-love are let go stagnant in the heart's reservoirs for lack of children to make it gush and flow. Now obviously physical resources are not fathomless, and children must have bread. But in our age and culture, when parents feed their children cake and live in fear of a bread shortage, the Church weeps—and rightly so—that the children are starving in a famine of love.

One is so disappointed in the encyclical. One wishes the Pope had called parents to abandon themselves—in a way that would seem reckless to those without Christian faith—to their children as well as to one another. One wishes he had found a way to restore in husbands and wives so zestful an appetite for sons and daughters that when constrained to choose contraception for one strong motive or another, they would do so with reluctance and a sense of loss. Instead of grumbling that he has wrong-headedly forbidden artificial contraception, one regrets rather that he has not really preached to us the sort of good news that Matthew heard from Jesus.

If we have faith, we have hope. In this time of turmoil and contradiction, the Church will see its way through to a new and yet so very ancient understanding of what children do for their parents—of how they force them, in ways that surprise even themselves, to be greater men and women than they had planned. Jesus Christ has come to destroy all our plans—even those of parenthood.

THE STAGE

"If I may state, without offence, you're a character, Mr. Goldman, sir," says the doorman in Robert Shaw's novel, *The Man in the Glass Booth*. Goldman answers, "I'm more than that, I'm a protagonist."

More than that, he is the antagonist and, up to a point, the author and director of his own drama. In both the novel and the play that Shaw made from it, Goldman begins as a character in the doorman's sense of the word. An eccentric millionaire, given to oblique and allusive speech, sudden and apparently motiveless actions, Arthur Goldman seems to exist in a fantasy world that lies within telephone reach of the real world of high finance and skyscraper real estate in which he is presumably a power. In the novel, he is a 70-year-old, at once indestructible and fragile-looking, a collapsible phoenix continually rising from the ashes of fires that he lit himself. He is in constant motion at the beginning of the novel, in and out of his limousine, all over Manhattan, his mouth going as relentlessly as his body. In the play, he is 20 years younger—a change that I do not understand at all—and tied to a set, two hobbles that keep the play ever from touching in quality the remarkable opening chapters of the novel. Still, the two Goldmans are essentially the same and it is the man in the play with which this review is supposed to be concerned.

The first act of the play is not really a monologue; it just seems to be. It is not that Goldman talks so much—which he does—but that he controls the flow of what, for want of a better word, I will call the conversation. Those around him—his secretary, his doctor, the secretary's tailor, a delivery man from the florist—exchange words with him, but his lines are so masked with nuance and menace that their answers seldom reach him, are deflected by new lines that call for a complete shift in response or by a manipulation of props (the desk, a door, a revolver) that render both line and answer absurd. Much of this is funny, but it is comedy with an ugly underside, for there is an urgency in Goldman's words and actions that insist that he is running away from something. It is not until we are well into the play that we realize he is running toward, that he is spinning a web in which he is both spider and fly, that he is the cousin Dorff who is after him. Goldman, the Jewish financier, the survivor of the Nazi camps, is arrested as Adolf Karl Dorff, former Colonel in the *Einsatzgruppen*, the mobile killing unit of the SS, and taken to Israel to stand trial.

Dorff tries to control the interrogation and the trial as Goldman does the scenes in New York, and he almost succeeds. He has come not to repent, not to plead extenuating circumstances, not as a surrogate guilt figure

for the German nation, but to exalt, to celebrate his crimes, to declare his love for the dead leader and his longing for someone else to follow. This he does in a remarkable speech, bullying, wheedling, preaching, until he is interrupted by a voice from the audience, "This man is not Dorff . . . he is enjoying himself too much." So Dorff becomes Goldman again, strips off his SS uniform, describes the violence he committed in his own, his Jewish name, finally shuts himself in the glass booth, the prisoner's box, and, no longer Dorff or Goldman, simply a small huddled figure, continues to testify silently, by his unremovable presence. His motivation? He denies the judge's assumption that he acts out of social utility, to remind the world that German repentance is false. The constant references to Jesus Christ, the "J.C." with whom he identifies, and the verbal games he plays with the 1965 papal decree on non-Christians suggest that he wants to be a Christ figure, to atone for something: the world's guilt? Jewish guilt? Since irony, and especially self-irony, is his style, perhaps he is atoning for the existence of the Jews, an outrageous gesture that puts the presumption of the papal forgiveness into perspective. "Who needs it?" the tailor asks.

One difficulty with *The Man in the Glass Booth* is that it appears to be a play of ideas in which the ideational line is neither clear nor, so far as I am concerned, acceptable. The Dorff-Goldman, murderer-victim identification and the movement from the Nazi exhortation to the Jewish confession seem to place the play in the we-are-all-guilty camp, alongside Arthur Miller's *After the Fall* and Peter Weiss' *The Investigation*. That school of thought, however well-intentioned, uses the bromides of popular psychology or (in Weiss' case) economics not to explain but to explain away what the Germans did to the Jews. If Shaw's play did that, as it sometimes seems to in the last act, it would be far more simple-minded than it is in fact. It is finally a play not with an idea, but a protagonist. Goldman-Dorff, caught in a world in which labels are inconclusive, in which the victims cannot be told from the victimizers (it is the papal decree that sets him off), designs his own play, casts himself as both antagonist and protagonist, and then—since the drama is the playwright's not the character's—loses control of it. It is almost impossible to stage one's own crucifixion. In retrospect, Goldman's preoccupation with Y. A. Tittle's last football game, in which the retiring player was benched becomes clear: "The *Tribune* said he wished he could have given the people a little more . . . something better." The quotation is from the novel, but there is a similar line in the play. *Glass Booth* is the story of a man who only thinks he chooses his role, breaking under the strain of it and somehow accusing all of us out of his collapse.

Beautifully performed by Donald Pleasence, meticulously directed by Harold Pinter, Shaw's play, for all that it sometimes seems to be pulling against itself, is the most fascinating play in New York. GERALD WEALES

THE SCREEN

A bunch of lively pictures stressing action and movement are presently on our screens. Several aim to be thoughtful but wind up mainly in the faster-faster category. Liveliest is "Bullitt," which, because it excels in every department, is more than just another crime-and-detection movie. Set in San Francisco (beautifully photographed in color), it tells the story of a police detective-lieutenant assigned to guard a member of an underworld syndicate who is turning state's evidence. When this star witness is shot, all hell breaks loose. A big-shot politician (Robert Vaughan) makes it particularly hot for Lt. Bullitt, expertly played by Steve McQueen, who keeps his cool and displays an alert intelligence as he tracks down the syndicate's hoods. Although McQueen is hindered somewhat by the story's romantic angle (thrown in, no doubt, to get pretty Jacqueline Bisset into the action), he is helped by the script's good dialogue and Peter Yates' attention to detail and strong direction. Most exciting of all the suspenseful episodes and surprising plot gimmicks is the amazing chase scene in which a couple of hoods in their car pursue racing-driver McQueen in his car through the hilly streets of San Francisco. It's the chase to end all chases—and almost does.

It would seem that the makers of "The Boston Strangler" were never quite certain how to handle the ticklish story of Albert DeSalvo, the confessed murderer of 13 women in and around Boston in 1962-64, who is now an inmate of Walpole State Prison. DeSalvo, extremely well played by Tony Curtis, who effectively catches the two personalities of this schizophrenic murderer, is not introduced until the movie is half over. The first part of the film concentrates on the shocked and frightened inhabitants of Boston as the murders mount, and on the efforts of the police to capture the obviously deranged perpetrator of these gory crimes. The Massachusetts Assistant Attorney General (played with his usual calm concern by Henry Fonda) is appointed to head the Strangler Bureau, whose staff goes to work on rounding up all the sex deviates in the Boston area. Quite a job that—and for quite a while I thought the whole movie was turning into an exhibition of homos, fetishists and other perverts. The suggestion is that the Boston Strangler might be one of these men.

But no. Eventually we come to DeSalvo, the quiet family man at home, the mad killer on the loose when he sneaks away from his job as a mechanic. He is finally caught by the hard-working police, especially one detective (George Kennedy), and then is questioned endlessly by the quiet but determined Fonda. The screenplay was written by Edward Anhalt from Gerold Frank's book;

the direction was by Richard Fleischer, who runs the gamut from the sensationalism of the picture's first half to the calm resignation of the scenes with DeSalvo that are crowded with psychiatric jargon and lectures on humanity and the treatment of the insane. I don't know how "The Boston Strangler" should have been made—if made at all. But I do know that one comes away from this version somewhat appalled but little wiser.

If you want to take the taste of all that out of your mouth and mind, but still want some more happenings and lively action, try "Paper Lion." I had not read it, but I was aware that George Plimpton's book, on which the film is based, relates the experiences of this writer as a try-out quarterback with the Detroit Lions. He is a writer not a quarterback; and he hopes to get inside material for a magazine piece. Since football pictures are not my meat, I approached this preview somewhat reluctantly and expected the same old football film repetitions. It proved a delightful surprise. Alan Alda is hilarious as the rookie in the Lions training camp; and the scenes in which he is thrown to the Lions in practice sessions, in bull sessions, and, eventually, in games are a joy to behold—perhaps a bit exaggerated but very funny—thanks to director Alex March, Lawrence Roman's script, Alda's portrait of Plimpton, and the many Detroit Lions, who play themselves so well.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

THERAPEUTIC SOAP OPERA

MEDIA

Will grandma ever get beyond the soap opera stage? Is she doomed, with millions like her, to suffer life's heartaches with a cheerful soul? Grandma is getting old. Time is running out. So many loose ends to be tied. The old ball of yarn lays still on her lap as she ponders life's mysterious ways. "It wasn't much," she says quietly to herself; the 2:10 non-stop to Hawaii roars overhead, sending a flurry of shock waves across the screen. "Probably all a damn lie anyway." It's all in how you play the game. Some play it hard, others are a bit skittish about the messiness. Grandma played it both ways, and still she lost. All a lie. . . . (Fade.)

The Next Stage.

The young man barely conceals his glee as he tells the group he wanted to see the girl cry. She sits on the floor of the studio next to him, sobbing inaudibly, a huddle of knees and sprung nerves. It is the young man's first time in an encounter group; the girl attends regularly. Earlier in the evening, perfect strangers, the two had walked hand in hand, had taken turns leading the other with eyes shut

through a maze of rooms, down unfamiliar corridors, onto an airy fire escape. Trust was exchanged. Gentle with each other, they hugged, caressed, embraced, two strangers who had come together in a session of The Theater of Encounter on New York's Upper West Side.

Betrayal between strangers? A very unlikely idea. But does a kiss on the cheek make the persons less than strangers? To the girl it obviously did, while for the young man it was just as apparent the kiss, as sensory contact, was merely an ingredient of a rather unique situation, and the impulse to make her cry another ingredient. The girl was simply under a misapprehension, taking as personal what was in fact only a matter of chance, for partners were chosen at random. But for all that, the participants were still persons, a kiss still an intimate gesture, despite the created aspect of the group. And so forth. This could go on, as no doubt it does for many veterans of the encounter situation, without ever arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. In fact, much of ordinary life is magnetized around the same poles, which leads one to think the encounter situation, if it accomplishes little else, at least helps point up the futility of such questions.

The director of The Theater of Encounter is Alec Rubin, who, not surprisingly, also does group work with actors. For Rubin, the question of meaning, whether in the group situation or outside, resolves itself in what the person actually feels. The aim is to be open to what you feel and to be able to express it in some fashion. The people who come to his sessions do so for a complex of reasons. Feelings of inadequacy probably predominate, though laced with a heady dose of idealism about the need to make human contact. And one mustn't forget a certain fascination with the clinical aspect of the sessions: the idea of being under treatment, of which Americans seem so fond, and which can mean anything from sitting under a hair-dryer to talking with one's shrink.

Yet bound up with the ability to express one's own feelings is another element which, for most people anyway, touches on the reality of events. Only then are one's experiences real, and something has to happen as a result. In the case of the young man and girl, something pretty clearly did happen that in another situation with different behavioral norms, the office say, or a cocktail party, would probably have been aborted. In this context, betrayal is only a word. For the young man to have denied his feelings or their expression might just as well have meant a betrayal of himself. Otherwise, that leaves only the feelings themselves to constitute the betrayal, which puts everybody in much the same fix—and it might be a good idea if they knew about it. What counts in the encounter situation, however, is that something happened between two people, and to a more or less degree, to the other seven members of the group.

This points to one of the major appeals of the groups, for an encounter session is pretty much what it sounds like, a small group of people getting together to make

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15 November 1968: 255

personal contact with one another. At The Theater of Encounter this involves various types of body contact and sense perception by which physical awareness is heightened. What follows then is usually a group discussion of what everybody felt, with mutual probes, punctures and the sort of close scrutiny that inevitably leads to self-incrimination. The scene between the young man and girl is fairly typical of an evening's effort. Yet compared with other groups that emphasize the release of tension and hostility, presumably on occasion dissolving into cat fights, the incident was mild and harbored, perhaps more than anything, a desire for a little excitement.

One can hardly gainsay therapy that is entertaining, or entertainment that is therapeutic. The combination is as old as the Greeks, and at the very least denotes a civilized approach to problems. And while the scripts are dog-eared, taken, like the daytime serials, from the files of real life, they are not without a curious value. For one thing, it is real life society itself whose reality is suspect, a sort of wholesale lie that requires elaborate justification and consolation prizes at every turn. The zest to bring it off anymore seems pretty well exhausted. Not only is the split between experience and behavior acknowledged, but the script is xeroxed and most of us don't even get a speaking part.

Being largely a middle-class luxury concerned primarily with the problems and frustrations of that luxury, the encounter situation merely continues the lie of society at large. Given its minimal structure, it has little choice in the matter. Its customers are still obsessed with middle-class goals of happiness and security, and that most illusive thing of all, reality, which gives meaning to one's dishonesties. An artificially created situation in which a kiss may mean everything to one individual and virtually nothing to another, it is in effect a double lie. It differs

from society at large only in that a choice has been made and the lie admitted. The next step must start from there. beginning, not surprisingly, with simply physical experience.

A dubious reality then is discarded for a fiction that at least has the merit of being about the people involved. The script may still be humbug, but the focus is on their own feelings and actions. And in the encounter situation at least, there is the possibility of changing the script, of experimenting, and ultimately of being responsible for what one has wrought. This is not for ordinary life, which is much too serious, where the consequences of one little household drama can run into a lifetime, and where the symbology of good and evil is only too sure of itself. In this sense, the audience has always been less free than the actors on stage. But when the audience begins to climb out of the dark security of its seats and clamor to get on stage, we know that the end of something is near.

PAUL VELDE



SR. AGNES MURPHY

BRONX NEIGHBORHOOD

Petunias swarm the ground
floating pink on green
between cement and stone.

Sunflower, myrtle, rose;
not one rare inch of soil
without its hum of bees.

In dooryards three feet wide
each side a tangled walk
rise cosmos, hollyhocks,

fence-framed in iron scrolls,
steep-steps as old as stone,
(a tenement Bonnard).

In one yard that I pass
I see a cripple doze
head down, in twisted bones

breathing a flower-sky
as labored as the green
that struggles against streets

harsh with the day's debris
and near as death to him;
glass broken, empty tins

where I, a pilgrim walk
to keep my heart alive
among the flowering homes.

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BOOKS

The war on poverty: substitute for an integrated society?

Permanent Poverty: An American Syndrome

BEN B. SELIGMAN

Quadrangle Books, \$6.50

Poverty: Views from the Left

JEREMY LARNER &
IRVING HOWE, EDS.

William Morrow, \$5

CHRISTOPHER NORWOOD

There is, one notes recently, no poverty of books about poverty. The question remains, of course, if poverty can be understood intellectually, if words can convey the personal distress and degradation of some 35 million people that is so beyond the experience of "literate" America as to be fictional. My personal conclusion is that one cannot be too well-read in poverty—not because one can ever "learn poverty" but because we must become painfully, indeed excessively, conscious of it. Even now we are not awake to the dimensions of the problem. Not after Michael Harrington's startling *The Other America*, published in 1962, which was supposed to have opened suburbia's eyes to a situation previously unnoticed, not after poignant picture essays in *Life*, not even after the riots. One's last drop of battered liberal blood prays that knowledge, somehow, will lead to active improvement.

As is so excruciatingly demonstrated in Seligman's *Permanent Poverty*, the government will not, and probably cannot, fight the war on poverty. In concept, the "war" is really a neo-colonialist gesture with the underlying motivation of controlling our indigenous subjects—the Negro people. It was never considered by its planners to be an outright battle on all fronts—the aged, poor rural whites, the handicapped, the millions of children of all colors growing up on the self-abnegation of welfare. More important, in my

opinion, it never presumed to deal with larger economic questions, such as the technological pushout of labor, questions which even an avalanche of stop-gap measures can never bury. In Mr. Seligman's words, "Lyndon Johnson made poverty a political issue in the 1960's . . . And it would not be far off the mark to say that it was necessary to convert a civil rights movement into a War on Poverty. It was a substitute for an integrated society and explains why so much of the effort has been directed toward the Negro community when most of the poor are white . . . it was not difficult to convert political demands into economic ones. . . . As Elinor Graham of the Institute of Policy Studies has said, the poverty program thus redefined civil rights in a way guaranteed not to upset the dominant majority."

The morass marches on. Sargent Shriver, the first director of the Office of Economic Opportunity, was a nice guy, but almost necessarily, by his own accident of birth and marriage, removed from the real problems of the poor and, especially, the fragile psychology of human dignity. By the time the O.E.O. had finished its own in-fighting to come up with a bunch of programs that were for the most part irrelevant, and quite often stupid, any left-over benefits were grabbed by local power structures. At the local level, the war on poverty is employed to fight, not economic conditions, but the poor themselves. Youths are shuffled through job-training programs that train them for nonexistent occupations, but do keep them in their "proper" place and off the streets. Poverty funds are simply used as bonuses on the political patronage market. In Chicago, for just one example, Mayor Daley "was even able to act contrary to Washington's wishes. Anti-poverty money made jobs and Chicagoans employed by the city . . . moved into higher-salaried jobs at federal expense. The

faithful moved up along the line."

To a greater or lesser extent, the poverty program has been similarly perverted in all large cities. In the South, the O.E.O. has not been able to start developing rural wastelands because many states refuse to apply for the funds available to them. Rather than integrate or take a chance on extending Negro leadership, white-dominated state governments forgo federal grants.

More distressing is the fact that even such programs as were partially successful or effective had ultimately discouraging results. A child who flourishes in Head Start is crushed after six months in the regular public school system, more bleakly embittered than the child who was never exposed to education as a happy, fulfilling experience. The teenager who is given deadend make-work only gets a preview of his whole life's opportunity and cops out that much earlier.

Yet it is difficult, if only from personal distaste, to share Mr. Seligman's conclusion that "poverty seems ineradicable" due to socioeconomic conditions, and for probably the more important reason that the public seems neither willing or determined to contend with the issue, as is so aptly shown when "a small public effort (the O.E.O.) is converted into a lack of concern, or worse, complete retreat." The author's position is disturbingly well-documented. On the other hand, no one disputes that there are enough riches to dribble at least something to everyone in America. I think, and hope, we have not yet begun to fight.

Our worst crime is one more of naïveté than intent. We listened to the rhetoric of the Administration, phrases like the Office of Economic Opportunity, Upward Bound, Head Start, and assumed that the professionals, the legislators, the administrators had defined the problem and packaged it for solution. Yet, our very own elected 90th

Congress has just finished rifling what was left of the mere concept of a War on Poverty. To complete the metaphor, it is now time for guerrilla action. As individuals, we cannot disclaim responsibility for government actions when two conditions exist:

(1) If other paths are open to us: On the most simplistic level, it is a time to stop paying maids the legal pittance known as minimum wage. It is a time not to buy color TVs and to send off checks to organizations the poor themselves run to solve their own needs. It is a time to stop playing bridge and start tutoring kids.

(2) If we have not put a pressure on governmental representatives that will force them to respond: That, I am convinced, we haven't done. Among the millions of letters written for stronger gun control laws, where is the one demanding more funds for ghetto schools?

For an individual seeking to define his own possibilities of concern and potential in the battle, *Poverty: Views From the Left* is a most satisfactory book. It attacks the almost impossible task of "explaining" poverty, from economics, dynamics, and history to local conditions and problems. The twenty essays, most of which were originally prepared for *Dissent* magazine, are divided in three sections: General Considerations, Special Problems and Local Reports. Irving Howe's concluding essay, "Notes on the Welfare State," provides a lucid overall analysis for those people who like to keep their political pictures framed.

I think most readers will find the sections on Special Problems and Local Reports more interesting, if only out of my own human weakness to try and grasp an enormous problem on a personal—and possibly soluble—level. Paul Bullock's "Morality and Tactics in Community Organizing" is a marvelous discussion of the fallacy in helping the poor become a cohesive force while expecting they will use their new power to support the organizers' own (good or bad) aims. "In sum, the poor should be free from the tyranny of the bureaucrats and the dogmatic militants alike." Chester Hartman exposes some disas-

ters and more progressive experiments in public housing. How often has one heard that awful, but valid, comment, "You give them a decent place to live and they just wreck it." As Mr. Hartman points out, housing has been successful when it extends beyond a sterile notion of "adequate" physical structure. The poor must have the same choices we

do in living environment. "... issues of status and dignity . . . real choice with regard to residential location and housing type."

Finally, *Poverty: Views From the Left* serves as a review of some of the most significant battles in the war on poverty. It is possible (really!) to understand where and why things failed

BRIEFLY NOTED

Infallibility and the Evidence, by Francis Simons. Templegate, \$4.95. A slim little book but on a crucial subject, in which Bishop Simons challenges present-day Catholic thought on the subject of papal infallibility.

The Crucible of Change, by Andrew Greeley. Sheed & Ward, \$4.50. The well-known priest-sociologist discusses current efforts to reform pastoral practices, from the parish on up.

An Introduction to the Theology of Rudolf Bultmann, by Walter Schmithals. Augsburg, \$6.50. An exposition of the theology of the distinguished Protestant theologian, occasioned by his 80th birthday.

The Wider Ecumenism, by Eugene Hillman. Herder and Herder, \$3.95. A missionary and theologian discusses the authentic meaning of the Christian vocation in terms of a dynamic, pentecostal, evangelical, and sacramental relationship with "the others."

The Church in the Churches, by James O. McGovern, with a foreword by Jaroslav Pelikan. Corpus Books, \$5.95. A survey of recent ecclesiology and some suggestion of how to arrive at the Church that is now beyond the Churches.

On the Bible; Eighteen Studies, by Martin Buber. Schocken, \$5.95. An attempt to acquaint the reader with the central themes of Buber's work on the Jewish Bible, work that is important for the modern Jew and modern man in general.

God the Future of Man, by E. Schillebeeckx, O.P. Sheed & Ward, \$4.95. The major portion of this work by the distinguished European theologian consists of lectures given in America early in 1968, on subjects ranging from Secular Worship and Church Liturgy to Man's Future on Earth.

The Ministry of Service, by Robert Nowell. Herder and Herder, \$3.50. A discussion of the place of deacons in the contemporary Church, of particular relevance in the light of the Council-inspired restoration of the permanent diaconate.

The Diaconate Now, Edited by Richard T. Nolan. Corpus Books, \$5.95. Members of different Christian traditions contribute their views on the development of the diaconate and its potential for the future.

New Works of New Nuns, ed. by Sister Mary Peter Traxler, S.S.N.D. B. Herder Book Co., \$5.95. The contributors attempt to tell the reader what creative sisters have done in the light of post-conciliar reform.

The Christian Citizen, by James F. Andrews. Sheed & Ward, \$4.50. A popular-level discussion of the virtues that are needed for today's world, such as heroic openness to the non-white, dialogue that is more than talk, etc.

Writings in Time of War, Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. Harper & Row, \$5.95. Papers written at the front in World War I, revealing many themes fully developed in later works.

or succeeded. I don't think I'm the only person in New York City who couldn't comprehend what happened to I.S. 201, the model school which carried and felled (to an unnecessary extent because of simplistic and racist media coverage of Harlem incidents) high hopes for the "educational cure." Mr. Lerner tells all. On the other hand, Michael Miller shows how Cesar Chavez's brilliant manipulations won the Delano grape-workers an effective union and a measure of social justice. It is, I suppose, best to leave off this review on such a vision of success—one that reinforces the fact that a fight fought hard by determined individuals, even people lacking power and resources, is still a valid weapon in the war on poverty.

The Communists and Peace

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

Braziller, \$6.95

The Ghost of Stalin

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

Braziller, \$4.50

On Genocide

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

Beacon Press, \$4.95

Sartre: A Philosophical Study

ANTHONY MANSEY

Oxford University Press, \$1.75

KEITH OVENDEN

... and the measure of his fury is the measure of his condemnation of all moral shilly-shallying." (Thomas Mann: *Death in Venice*.)

There is a harsh story told of the late Lord Lindsay that he would have been a great politician and leader of the British Labor Movement if only he had not been so busy being Master of Balliol at Oxford, and that he would have been a great Master of Balliol if only he hadn't been so busy being a Labor politician. Scholars seem rarely to be kind to their fellows, and the teacher who dares to take his stand in the public arena can expect the vilification of his

ivory-polishing contemporaries. Sartre is no exception, and would not expect to be made one, for the polymath is usually despised by the less accomplished, and Sartre, philosopher, novelist, playwright, critic and political analyst, has stood for thirty years virtually unrivalled at the head of the European intellectual tradition. The jealous may hate him, but they cannot ignore him.

And yet that, strangely enough, apart from the novels and a handful of plays, has been precisely his fate amongst

the English-speaking. The preachers of linguistic analysis in philosophy, thrusting method before substance, would leave their students unaware that *L'Être et le néant* had ever been written; and the students of European politics, pushed increasingly into a quantitative methodology, could be excused for conceiving of even as eminent a publication as *Les Temps Modernes* as an irrelevant, unobjective and ideological monthly, hardly worthy of the name analytical.

These views are, of course, misguided

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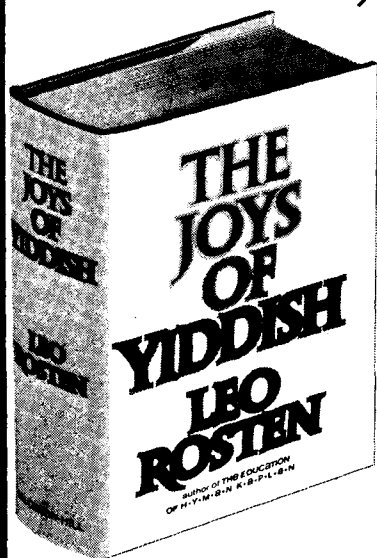
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"Trade Winds," *Saturday Review*

"This reviewer, a *shaygets*, wishes that the book and author live 120 years. Also, he wishes 120,000,000 readers for so wise, so witty, and so wonderful a text and commentary." *Book Week*

In *THE JOYS OF YIDDISH*, Leo Rosten, the creator of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N, defines the "vocabultery of insight" of a language that has been steeped in dozens of different cultural streams—and yet has never lost its identity. For everyone who loves language here are the pleasures and delights of that marvelous, tangy tongue that has become an irrepressible part of basic English.

THE JOYS OF YIDDISH Leo Rosten

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and ill-informed, and Anthony Manser, in his excellent study of Sartre's philosophical beliefs, has done us a great service by saying so. The fault lies predominantly in our inability to share in the same intellectual concerns. French and German philosophy, under the influence of Descartes, and urged on by Hegel and Husserl, seeks answers to the problems of existence, being, emotion and imagination that the Anglo-Saxon school, following Hume, finds alien. It is not so much that the answers sought are repugnant, rather that the problems confronted are seen as irrelevant or, worse, meaningless.

Manser's objective is to dispel this barrier to understanding, to make us realize that: "Sartre expects his philosophy to change men's views of themselves and of the world around them, to have effect on their lives, not just on their talk about their lives. It is in this sense that he is in the European metaphysical tradition, whereas the majority of contemporary English philosophers are not." That Sartre has been successful, that his influence in Europe has been great, can be judged from the appearance, on October 30, 1948 of a decree of the Holy Office placing "all the works" of J-P. Sartre on the *Index of Prohibited Books*.

But if, like the Vatican, we ignore his philosophy because we have chosen not to be his audience, his politics are unknown to us because *he* has chosen not to address *us*. Especially is this true in America, where the political left of Marxist pretensions is little more than a small and dedicated, but aging group of intellectuals, along with a folklore of the campaigns of Eugene Debs and the strikes of West Virginia miners. Sartre is speaking, in both *The Communists and Peace* and *The Ghost of Stalin*, to the mass of French Marxists, Socialists and syndicalists. This is not stuff for the bourgeoisie, for it assumes both an ideological belief and sophistication which they do not share, and is, in any case, in sympathy with the general desire to exterminate them as a class.

The language, not helped in this instance by Martha Fletcher's wooden translation, is cloaked in the rhetoric of

Marxist devices, and distinguished throughout by a bombastic style more reminiscent of the *Daily Worker* than of Sartre's own philosophical works, or his finely shaped novels. To read such declamations as: "Now the class struggle exists: it's the prime mover of history. But it must not become the "whipping boy" of the Political Bureau." is to encounter a form of address unwelcome to those nurtured on Lippmann and Reson. The reader is being addressed directly: pushed back into his chair and delivered a monologue from the page as though he were a protagonist, engaged in an ineluctable dialectical struggle all his own. And there is to be no escape from the armchair harangue until it is finished.

Is it, then, worth the effort to read? The answer is in the affirmative for two reasons. Firstly, both books under consideration here appeared originally in serialized form in *Les Temps Modernes* (and later in volumes VI and VII of the celebrated collections of essays: *Situations*). They provide, therefore, an opportunity to observe Sartre the political analyst working as journalist, under the pressure of a publication deadline, and with events still tumbling about his ears. Secondly, *The Ghost of Stalin*, with its detailed rejection of Soviet intervention in Hungary in 1956, is all the more poignant now that the Czechs face the same critical dilemmas. Liberals, radicals, socialists alike, all those who look to a rapprochement with Soviet Russia, can ill afford to ignore the implications for Communism of renewed Russian aggressive paternalism in central Europe.

But if Sartre on Hungary, or Sartre as philosopher, come as a surprise to an American audience, Sartre *On Genocide*, alas, does not. Honest reporting in the press, since mid-1966, has brought the shocking news of the slaughter in North and South Vietnam before the American people in all its horror. The use of guava bombs, napalm, and a variety of deadly gases against civilians cannot be denied by the Defense Department, or justified by the circumstances of the war. What is new in Sartre's essay, written at the end of the second session of the International War Crimes Tri-

bunal, is not simply his realism in giving events their proper name—genocide—but also his broadening of the problem. Perhaps all of us would learn more of Sartre's philosophy, and a great deal more humaneness, from this slim volume. We may choose not to agree with him, but there is a telling honesty in his notion that: "When a peasant falls in his rice paddy . . . every one of us is hit. The Vietnamese fight for all men, and the American forces against all. Neither figuratively nor abstractly." For "the group which the United States wants to intimidate and terrorize by way of the Vietnamese nation is the human group in its entirety."

Sartre has always tried to unite his interests (Manser describes *La Nausée* as "that rare thing, a genuinely philosophical novel") and to show the relationships between thought and action. He may not always have addressed the whole world, but he deserves its attention, now more than ever before.

Towards a New Past: Dissenting Essays in American History

BARTON J. BERNSTEIN, ED.

Pantheon, 364 pp, \$6.95

WILLIAM SCHECHNER

American history has its mythology, starting with the description of the War of Independence as the American Revolution and carrying down into the present with the current muddle about our world role, which grows in part out of the continued misunderstanding of what we have been doing internationally, and why, ever since TR launched the Great White Fleet. Or to pick another area, much of our present inability to get moving about the race problem stems from white America's mythical treatment of Black America's history.

In part, then, the understanding of how this nation got where it is affects its ability to move on from here with a clear eye. In this book 11 young historians (only four over 35, none over 40) have mapped out, in a series of generally interesting and often exciting essays, a program for stripping some of

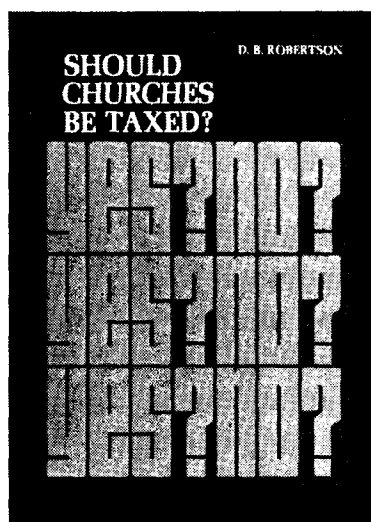
the mythic fat from the American past. The immediate target for these writers of the historical left is the liberal consensus historians of the post-war period, men like Hofstadter and Hartz, who viewed American development as operating within an arena of pragmatic capitalism and who generally saw its overall growth as a success story of liberalism.

Billed as an "anti-textbook," Bernstein's book is, more accurately, a close examination of the prevailing ideas in

the field, suggestions for a more realistic interpretation of events, and usually a sketch of what kind of work needs to be done. It extends to the past the muck-raking style of a good deal of contemporary leftist writing, but gently. Almost nobody is read out of the tribe, even though substantial numbers of older men are sharply criticized.

A good example of the technique is Stephan Thernstrom's careful essay about urbanization and social mobility in late nineteenth century America. The

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traditional way to deal with Thernstrom's topic is to point out how fluid the times were, dwell a bit on European immigration, and point for proof to the lack of serious proletarian protest. Thernstrom, however, starts by emphasizing the massive internal migration which accompanied European immigration during the period. He points out that workers were a highly transient part of the population, frequently drifting from city to city and job to job if they could not make a go of things. Others did find acceptable lives and settled down. But that many fitted this second mold is not necessarily due to high standards in industry, but because of the abysmal level of life which the agrarian Americans and native Europeans had just left. And those who did not reach this upward rung just disappeared, forming a group "tossed helplessly about from city to city, from state to state, alienated but invisible and impotent." So, Thernstrom suggests, a key reason that a permanent proletariat did not develop in America was that "few Americans have stayed in one place, one workplace, or even one city

"THE GLITTER IS GONE. The Camelot of Jack and Jacqueline Kennedy will never shine as brightly again. Whether the Kennedy mystique can be reconstituted is another question... the Kennedys are tenacious [in] reaching for the high places in the land. To do so henceforth they may have to renounce the miscreant. But that was the risk she took when she decided to return to reality."

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long enough to discover a sense of common identity and common grievance." Not earthshaking, but not the usual Horatio Alger story about why radicalism struck out in America.

Many of the familiar names of the historical left are represented. Eugene D. Genovese, the Marxist historian who became an issue in New Jersey politics a few years ago when he said he would be pleased with a Viet Cong victory, contributes a blistering and witty critique of both Marxist and non-Marxist historians for their work on the American slave society. He seeks a genuinely Marxist appraisal of the ante-bellum South, and points out that only a sympathetic analysis of the ideology and relationships of various Southern classes will break historians free of a narrow, economically determinist view of the Civil War. Yale University professor Staughton Lynd takes a new look at Charles Beard's famed economic interpretation of the Constitution. The other essays run the gamut from the Revolution to the Cold War. Some are plodding, others overplay the prevailing view in order to establish a straw man for later demolition, several evoke more of a ho-hum than a shocked gasp. But at many points in this book familiar material takes on new dimensions as an author shakes his reader loose from the rhetorical-mythical trap that has probably been tightly attached ever since the sixth grade.

The book's most brilliant essay, and it could well serve as an introduction, comes last. It is Christopher Lasch's history of the Congress of Cultural

Freedom, the Cold War command post of anti-Communist intellectuals. Professor Lasch has used this story to write a superb commentary on the intellectual as unknowing harlot, as he identifies with the modern state and particularly the war machine. Attracted by the power and secrecy it holds out, financed by its money, he abandons his critical stance and embraces its basic positions, confusing the "political interests of intellectuals as an official minority with the progress of intellect." The only answer, Lasch says, is complete resistance to collaboration and total commitment to intellectual independence.

Which is what, to greater and lesser degrees, his 10 companions in this book seem to be attempting as they view the historical establishment in particular and the liberal establishment in general. At the heart of their technique is a rejection of pat answers and a preference for the power relationships which are involved in events. Once upon a time idealism was meant for the young, but the brutality of the 60's has brought not wide, but opened eyes to its youth. A pent-up anger underlies many parts of this book, which carries the inference that the caretakers of the past have let things get a bit out of hand.

Enderby

ANTHONY BURGESS

Norton, \$5.95

IRVING MALIN

Who is Enderby? He is a strange man who cannot cope with the "outside" world—he flees from relationships with other people (except his dead step-mother); he refuses to earn a livelihood; and he battles orthodox religion. He is, in other words, at the end of the line.

But Enderby finds another life in the "inside" world. He lives poems as he creates them. (Here his real being begins and ends.) He delights, as do all of Burgess' heroes, in word-play, discovering aesthetic and moral beauty in the mysterious designs of language. It is, therefore, appropriate that as he unwillingly moves from the "inside" to the

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"outside" world, his totemic name changes from first and last things (Enderby) to animal nature (Hogg) and back.

By joining disparate words (worlds) of identity, Burgess tries to communicate the difficult "madness" of the poet. He tempts him with sex, money, and violence; he shuttles him from London to Tangier; he compels him to encounter crazy frustrations of existence. As the improbable events and people rush past us, we, like Enderby, want to stop and catch our breath, but we must keep *moving*. The rest—places lack stability: Tangier, for example, is less a resort than a hospital or zoo; here Enderby pauses to kill his arch-enemy, Rawcliffe, and, instead, nurses him in his last hours.

We may object that we do not really know these various people or places (or that, on the contrary, that we know them as Hollywood clichés). We see only that they are stylized, grotesque, and frenetic. This is Burgess' overwhelming purpose—he wants us to view the "outside" world as "way out"—as the exotic existence Enderby must tame and shape in poetry.

I do not deny the comic vitality of the novel. We laugh at "The Crewsy Fixers," the "best ambassadors" of England who earn millions with their rock-and-roll music; we enjoy Enderby as word-intoxicated beggar in Tangier; we are amused by the various masquerades and (near) couplings. But as we are almost totally committed to "comic relief," we are forced back to Art, Death, and Love—the ultimate concerns. Perhaps the most powerful scene in the entire novel is the slow, painful death of Rawcliffe. The stench of blood; the incapable tremors; the desperate attempts at speech all are captured with the "accompaniment of rattle and postlude of rictus and liquidity."

The secret of Enderby's *presence*—I find that I have been discussing his problems as if he were alive—lies in Burgess' language. His own love of—and need for—words convinces us that they are the "end" of life. Without them his anti-hero could not contain the flow of events which threatens to engulf him. In the following passage we can

see Burgess' brilliance in creating the poetic task—isn't this the source of identity?—of Enderby: "And the words slide into the slots ordained by syntax and glitter, as the atmospheric dust, with those impurities which we call meaning. . . . And and and and. Keep on. It will come out right, given time and application. You can, when depressed, pluck your own sweet bay or *laurus nobilis*. It grows here. Nobody will pluck it for you. The aromatic leaves are useful in cookery, and you can cure your sick cat with the berries." The words used here seem to "slide" freely (as does the consciousness of Enderby), but they are ordained by imagination and craft. They "glitter" in their carefully chosen "slots." They give aroma to the common smells of life, transforming these for our health (purging us of earth-sickness) and our wisdom. They accept and eliminate impurities.

CORRESPONDENCE



(Continued from page 235)

recently the Milwaukee Fourteen.

Undoubtedly, it is a sad state of affairs which necessitates this particular type of unorthodoxy, but the burning of draft files rather than human flesh is an important enough distinction to warrant such action. . . . Berrigan et al. both historically and theologically seemed to have acted not only in a proper, but a dynamic Christian perspective as well.

ROBERT K. KING

Hartsdale, N. Y.

To the Editors: . . . How would you feel if an "Oshkosh Quartet" descended on your offices and burned your subscription records? . . . WILLIAM M. BRADY

Correction

The poem, "For Those Infatuated by Ignorance," which appeared on page 62 of the Oct. 11 *Commonweal*, was erroneously attributed to John Fandel. The authorship credit belonged to Jane Mayhall. We regret the confusion.

THE EDITORS

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a book-length issue of theological studies on the Holy Spirit. It meant getting the kind of political analysis you won't find in your daily paper. It meant keeping an eye on philosophical developments (look back at Robert Coles' "Piaget as God," for example). It meant pursuing our anti-war editorial policy, which even a hawkish news-magazine had to admit as "reasonable." (And also printing the dissenting views of William V. Shannon.)

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